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DEFENSE OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,

In 1862, 1863 and 1864.

I.

A TELEGRAM from General Cooper, dated Richmond, September the 10th, 1862, reached me on that day in Mobile, and contained the information that, by special orders issued August 29, I had been assigned to the command of South Carolina and Georgia, with head-quarters at Charleston. I had anticipated some communication of the kind, having about two weeks before officially reported for "duty in the field." The next day I left for my new scene of action and, so advising the War Department, requested that copies of the order referred to by General Cooper, be forwarded to Charleston, where I arrived on the 15th of September.

Accompanied by Major-General Pemberton, whom I was to relieve, I immediately began a general inspection of the main defenses already constructed and in process of construction, in the two States then composing the department placed under me. I assumed command on the 24th of the same month.

The work before me was serious; all the more so that it had to be executed without loss of time. Rumors and threats were afloat, filling the columns of the Northern journals, to the effect that mighty preparations were being made for such a land and naval attack upon the city of Charleston, as would prove irresistible. This, at the North, was deemed all the more easy of accomplishment because the harbor and inner defenses were believed to

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be insufficient to withstand a well-directed and prolonged assault; and for the further reason that there existed several avenues of approach, by any of which, it was thought, the ulterior object aimed at could be attained.

That there was ample cause for apprehension on our part became apparent to me upon my first conference with General Pemberton, in which I learned that by his orders a complete abandonment had been made, not only of the system of coast defenses devised by me as early as April, 1861, but also of the one said to have been projected by General Lee while in command of the same department from December, 1861, to March, 1862. For these had been substituted another and interior system rendering our lines vulnerable at various points, and necessitating more labor and a greater armament than we could command. The inspection made by me a few days later confirmed that opinion; for the works in and around Charleston, most of which had been badly located, were not in a state of completion, nor was their armament by any means adequate to the disproportionate dimensions of some of them. The concluding remarks of my Report of Inspection to the War Department were: "Adaptation 'of means to an end' has not always been consulted in the works around this city and Savannah. Much unnecessary work has been bestowed upon many of them." The defenses of the harbor existing at that time consisted of: 1. Fort Sumter, with an armament of seventy-nine guns of divers calibers, from 32 pounders to 8 inch columbiads, and seven 10 inch mortars manned by three hundred and fifty effectives of the First South Carolina Artillery (regulars). 2. Fort Moultrie, with thirty-eight guns, from 24 pounders to 8 inch columbiads, and a garrison of three hundred effectives belonging to the First South Carolina Infantry (regulars). These works were in very good condition though repairs were then in progress in the former. 3. Battery Beauregard, across Sullivan's Island, the location of which I had selected in the spring of 1861, in advance of Fort Moultrie, with a view to protect the approach from the east. It was armed with five guns. 4. Four sand batteries, *en barbette*, erected at the west end of Sullivan's Island and bearing on the floating boom then in process of construction across the Fort Sumter channel. These batteries were not completed and had at the time only four guns, two of them being 10 inch columbiads. No magazines had been constructed for them. 5.

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The "Neck" battery, on Morris Island, afterward called Battery Wagner, an open work erected to defend the approach to Fort Sumter. It was intended for eleven guns and was not entirely finished even as originally designed. 6. A small work (Fort Ripley) equidistant from Castle Pinkney and Fort Johnson, not yet armed, but planned for five heavy guns *en barbette*. 7. Castle Pinkney, armed with nine 24 pounders and one 24 pounder rifled, a work of no value for the defense of the city. 8. Fort Johnson, near the north-east end of James Island, with one rifled 32 pounder, likewise of very little importance.

Some batteries had also been arranged and begun for the defense of the city proper, but no heavy guns had been procured for them, and none were disposable. The floating boom was incomplete, and was destined to remain so. I never looked upon it as a serious barrier to the enemy's fleet. The defensive line on James Island from the Wappoo to Secessionville, consisted of "a system of forts, redoubts, redans and *crémaillères*," very injudiciously located, except Fort Pemberton on the Stono and some few of the redoubts. There were also two batteries on the Ashley River for its protection and that of the entrance of Dill's Creek and the Wappoo. One of them had no guns; the other, at Lawton's, was armed with four 32 pounders but could be of little use. The works at Secessionville, which were poorly devised and poorly executed were still unfinished. Their armament was two 8 inch naval guns, one 18 pounder howitzer, six 32 pounders, one 32 pounder rifle, two 24 pounder rifles, and two 10 inch mortars.

The line of defenses constructed on the Neck to protect the city from a land attack on the north side, was made up of a continuous "bastion line," which was not suitable to the site where it had been located.

The total number of troops of all arms in South Carolina at that time was as follows:

Infantry	6,564
Artillery in position	1,787
Field artillery	1,379
Cavalry	2,817
	12,547
Adding the number of troops then in the State of Georgia, to wit	7,189
The aggregate force in the whole Department amounted on the 24th of September, 1862, to	19,736 men.

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At my request, before being relieved, General Pemberton gave an estimate of the minimum force requisite in his opinion for the Department: It was of forty-three thousand six hundred and fifty (43,650) men of all arms. I adopted it as the basis of my future calculations.*

On the 30th of September and again on the 2d of October, I urgently called on the War Department for an increase of heavy ordnance for the works intended to command the anchorage in the Charleston harbor, and the entrance into the Ashley and Cooper rivers. I asked for twenty 10 inch columbiads, five banded, rifled, 42 pounders, and five banded, 32 pounders; or "fifteen of the first quality, ten of the second, and five or more of the third." In my second communication to General Cooper above referred to, I said: "I cannot place before the War Department in too strong language the vital importance to us, if the harbor is to be retained, of increasing the armament of heavy guns to the greatest possible extent as soon as practicable and in all possible ways." † The Secretary of War, Mr. Randolph, had used every endeavor to assist me in my efforts to be ready for the impending attack of the enemy. But he had just at this time, unfortunately, tendered his resignation, and had been succeeded in office by Mr. Seddon. From that moment my demands on the War Department seemed to meet with much less favor, and I had to rely, in a great measure, on the scant resources of my command to accomplish the work necessary for the safety of the city of Charleston. The State authorities, and in fact the whole people of South Carolina, were equally anxious with myself for the rapid completion of my preparations and afforded me every assistance in their power, though I was never able to procure the necessary amount of slave-labor required for work on the fortifications. By great exertion and with no assistance from the government, was executed under my orders the rifling and banding of guns otherwise too inferior for the proper armament of our works. This was done "at the rate of one gun per two and a half days," whereas it had required "thirty-five days" to remodel each gun, under the supervision of the War Department.‡

* See "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. II, chap. xxvi, p. 9.

† See "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Appendix to vol. II, chap. xxvi, p. 440.

‡ See "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. II, chap. xxviii, p. 49.

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My anxiety was all the greater, that the enemy before making his final attack upon Charleston, and with a view no doubt to distract attention from it, had been for some time past preparing a descent along the Southern Atlantic coast, though he afterward appeared to have altered his original purpose and to be directing his course toward Cape Lookout. With the inadequate force under me, my only hope was to endeavor to frustrate any demonstration that might be attempted within the limits of my own extensive command, and yet the War Department, through the new Secretary of War, was at that very time, and against repeated protests on my part, depleting it of troops to re-enforce other points.

The approaches to Charleston were five in number: 1. The enemy could land a large force to the northward, at or in the close vicinity of Bull's Bay, and from thence marching across the country could take possession of Mount Pleasant and all the north shore of the inner harbor. 2. A large force of the enemy could also land to the southward, destroy the Charleston and Savannah Railroad and invest Charleston in the rear. These two avenues of approach, however, were not likely to be adopted by the enemy as the strength of his land force would not have justified such an attempt, unaided by his iron-clads and gun-boats. The co-operation of the Federal fleet was possible for either of the other three modes of approach, namely: James Island, Sullivan's Island and Morris Island. 3. Of these the approach by James Island was unquestionably the one to be most apprehended. The Confederate troops stationed there were insufficient in number and had to defend "a long, defective and irregular line of works." The enemy after overpowering them could have constructed batteries which would have controlled the inner harbor, taken in rear our outer lines of defenses, opened fire directly against Charleston itself, thus forcing an almost immediate surrender. 4. By Sullivan's Island the approach was also a very important one. In taking it Fort Sumter might have been silenced and the inner harbor thrown open to the enemy's iron-clad fleet. 5. The approach by Morris Island was, as afterward proved, the least dangerous to us. It involved none of the contingencies threatened by the other modes of attack. It had always been my opinion, however, that the enemy would elect to make his approach by that route, for the reason that being already in possession of Folly Island, which was in close proximity to Morris Island, he would thereby enjoy cer-

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tain facilities for the movements of his troops; while close at hand lay the harbor of Edisto, convenient as a shelter for his fleet. The seizure of Morris Island would also be a great encouragement to the North.

It is beyond the scope of this paper to give more than a cursory glance over the many and radical changes effected by me, or to detail the amount of work done to put the department, and notably the harbor of Charleston, in a state of readiness for the formidable attack almost daily expected. The preparations of the North were upon a scale of such magnitude, with engines of war "*such as the hand of man had never yet put afloat*," that they had consumed more time than was at first anticipated. Hence the delay that ensued; hence the opportunity afforded me to perfect our means of resistance.

The extension of my territorial command by the addition of "that part of Florida east of the Appalachicola River,"* which had increased my responsibility, was another reason for congratulation that the enemy was not yet ready to effect what, with a view to convince the European powers of its ability to "*crush the Rebellion*," the Federal Government had all but promised Mr. Adams, U. S. Minister to England, it would soon accomplish, namely, the capture of Fort Sumter and the destruction of Charleston.

Weeks and months went by, during which I succeeded in almost doubling the strength of Sumter, of Moultrie, and of all the defensive works of the harbor, including Battery Wagner, which was thus almost entirely rebuilt. I also established along the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, a continuous line of signal (flag) stations by means of which constant information was furnished Department Head-quarters of the exact movement and of the least change that took place in the Federal fleet. I multiplied the laying out of torpedoes in all navigable streams liable to be run up by Federal gun-boats and other craft, and gave close attention to the rope obstructions dividing the outer and inner harbors. I likewise used my best endeavors, and importuned the War and Navy Departments, to have constructed a few "torpedo-rams," on the model of Captain F. D. Lee, with which it was my firm conviction more injury could be inflicted upon the Federal fleet than

* Gen. Cooper's telegram to Gen. Beauregard dated Richmond, Oct. 7, 1862.

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could be hoped for from all such gun-boats as the government was then having built for the protection of Charleston harbor. Speaking of these torpedo-rams, and while expressing my confidence in their ability to drive off the Federal fleet and thus raise the blockade of Charleston, I wrote as follows to Governor Pickens: . . . "I fear not to put on record, now, that half a dozen of these torpedo-rams, of small comparative cost, would keep this harbor clear of four times the number of the enemy's iron-clad gun-boats." And, as early as October 31, 1862, in a letter to the Hon. S. B. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, I said: . . . "I thank you for the prompt and favorable support you have given me in the desire to construct one of Captain F. D. Lee's marine torpedo-rams, which, I think, is destined ere long to change the system of naval warfare. . . ." That this appreciation was not exaggerated has been shown by many results accomplished at a subsequent date by torpedo-boats, in our own war and in naval encounters between foreign nations, notably, during the late Franco-Chinese war. It is but simple justice to add, that from the first experiments made, in April, 1861, against Fort Sumter with an iron-clad floating battery and an iron-clad land battery, the respective inventions of Captain John Randolph Hamilton, formerly of the U. S. N., and of Mr. C. H. Steven, afterward Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army, and both from South Carolina, is attributable also the revolution in naval architecture and armaments, by which iron-clad war vessels have entirely superseded the now almost obsolete wooden men-of-war.

There were two Confederate gun-boats (iron-clad rams) at that time in Charleston, the "Palmetto State" and the "Chicora." Captain Rutledge, C. S. N., commanded the first, and Captain Tucker, C. S. N., commanded the second. Besides these there were three small harbor steamers to be used as tenders for them. The "Palmetto State" and the "Chicora" were, unfortunately, of too heavy a draught to be of much practical use in the defense of the harbor. They were also lacking in motive power, consequently in speed, and their guns, on account of the smallness of the port-holes, could not be sufficiently elevated and were of but very short range. Ably officered and manned as they were known to be, they proved of real service once only during the whole siege of Charleston. It was on this occasion:

While our work of armament and of general preparation was

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progressing on all points of the Department, it occurred to me that our two gun-boats, inferior as they were in many respects, could, nevertheless, by a bold night attack on the wooden fleet of the enemy, cause considerable damage and compel it to leave its anchorage outside the bar. And the time to do it in, I suggested, was before the threatened arrival of the Federal monitors. Commodore Ingraham agreed with me, and immediately ordered the attack. It took place on the early morning of January 31st. The "Palmetto State," on board of which for the occasion was Commodore Ingraham himself, steamed out directly toward the Federal fleet followed by the "Chicora," and fell upon and fired into the steamer "Mercedita" before the latter had fully realized the peril she was in. Disabled and reported to be sinking, the "Mercedita" immediately surrendered. The "Palmetto State" left her and went in pursuit of a second and of a third Federal steamer, but was soon out-distanced by their superior speed. On the other hand the "Chicora" had not remained idle: she had set fire to a schooner-rigged propeller, engaged and crippled the "Quaker City" and run into and fired the "Keystone State," which then and there struck her flag. The other vessels composing the blockading squadron, seeing the fate of their consorts and fearing the same one for themselves, hurriedly steamed out to sea and entirely disappeared. The outer harbor remained in the full possession of the two Confederate rams. Not a Federal sail was visible, even with spy-glasses, for over twenty-four hours. It is, therefore, strictly correct to state that the blockade of the port of Charleston had been raised, for the time being, as was certified to by Commodore Ingraham, by the foreign consuls then in Charleston, and by myself.

It is evident that had the seaworthy qualities of the two Confederate gun-boats been greater, and could we have given them the co-operation of the torpedo-rams I had anxiously endeavored to have constructed, the blockade of Charleston would not have been at that time and for months afterward, an impediment to our free and open intercourse with the outer world. And it is simple history to add that, even as it was, through private enterprise which should have tempted our government to a bolder course, lines of blockade-running steamers entered and left the port of Charleston at regular, stated intervals, up to nearly the very close of the war. Almost at the moment of this naval attack on the Federal fleet,

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occurred another incident of note in the operations around Charleston.

General Pemberton, in abandoning the outer system of defensive works for an inner and, in his opinion, safer line (as has already been explained), had caused to be removed from Cole's Island eleven guns of heavy caliber which served to guard the entrance of the Stono River. This barrier removed, the Federal gun-boats had free ingress and egress to the river, and as often as they chose to do so plied up with impunity as near to Fort Pemberton as safety allowed, harassing our camps on James and John's Islands, by the fire of their long-ranged rifled guns. The "Isaac Smith," carrying nine heavy guns, was one of these. Desirous of putting a stop to such incursions I called the Commander of the First Military District * to a conference at Department Head-quarters, and instructed him to at once organize an expedition and have erected masked batteries at designated points on the banks of the Stono, near where the Federal gun-boat habitually passed and occasionally remained overnight. The instructions were to allow her to steam by unmolested as far as she chose to go, then to open fire and cut off her retreat. The expedition was intrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph A. Yates, First South Carolina Artillery (regulars), and was most successfully conducted. On the evening of January 30th, the "Isaac Smith" came up the Stono and leisurely anchored just above our masked batteries. Fire was now opened upon her. She endeavored to make her escape, returning our fire as she passed, but was so roughly handled, and at such close range, that she dropped anchor and surrendered. Her armament consisted of one 30 pounder Parrott, and eight 8 inch heavy columbiads. Her crew was of eleven officers and one hundred and eight men. Upon examination the damage she had sustained was found to be slight. She was thoroughly repaired and, under the name of the "Stono," became a guard-boat in the Charleston harbor, with Captain W. J. Hartstein, C. S. N., as commander.

As a corollary to this engagement, on the morning of February 1st, another Federal iron-clad, afterward ascertained to be the single-turreted monitor "Montauk" appeared before Fort McAllister, at Genesis Point, in the Georgia District; and, accompanied by

* Brigadier-General R. S. Ripley.

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three gun-boats and a mortar-boat, approached to within a short distance of the work, and opened a heavy fire upon it. The action was very brisk on both sides. The parapet of the fort was breached, and both guns and gunners fully exposed. Nevertheless, after a four-hours' combat, the monitor slowly retired, evidently in a damaged condition. The importance of the success of this engagement lay in the demonstrated fact, that iron-clads were not as formidable as they were supposed to be against sand batteries. As yet, their final test of invulnerability had not been fully ascertained. Reflecting upon the result of that encounter I wrote to Brigadier-General Ripley, February 8, 1863:

"GENERAL—The recent attack of the enemy's iron clad monitor "Montauk" on the battery at Genesis Point (the first day at about one mile, and the second at about eight hundred or one thousand yards) would seem to indicate that the enemy is not so confident of the invulnerability of this kind of naval vessels. But I consider also that the attack on Sumter, whenever it takes place, will probably be made at long range with their heaviest guns and mortars. This being admitted, they will necessarily attack it where it is weakest—*i. e.*, the gorge, south-east angle, and east face—taking their position close along the eastern shore of Morris Island, after silencing Battery Wagner. By adopting this plan their steamers, gun-boats, etc., would be, moreover, farther removed from the batteries of Sullivan's Island.

"The enemy may also establish land rifled and mortar batteries on the sand hills along the sea-shore of Morris Island, at the distance of from one to two miles from Sumter, as was done in the reduction of Fort Pulaski last year. He might possibly send one or more monitors during the night to take a position in the small channel north of Cummings' Point, within close range, to batter down the gorge of Sumter, and endeavor to blow up the magazines.

"That mode of attack, being the one most to be apprehended, should be guarded against as well as our limited means will permit—first, by transferring as many heavy rifled guns as can be spared from the other faces of the fort to the gorge, angle, and face already referred to; and the Brooke's rifled gun now on its way here from Richmond must likewise be put there, substituting in its place at Fort Johnson the 10 inch gun now expected from that city, so locating it as to fire towards Morris Island when required; secondly, a strong field-work should be thrown up as soon as sufficient labor can be procured on Cummings' Point, open in the gorge towards Fort Sumter, to act besides as a kind of traverse to this work from the fire of the batteries located by the enemy along the sea-shore of Morris Island. The Cummings' Point Battery should be armed with the heaviest and longest ranged guns we may be able to obtain for that purpose.

"The introduction of heavy rifled guns and iron-clad steamers in the attack of masonry forts has greatly changed the condition of the problem applicable to Fort Sumter when it was built; and we must now use the few and imper-

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fect means at our command to increase its defensive features as far as practicable. The chief engineers of this department and of the State will be ordered to report to you at once, to confer with you, so as to carry out the views expressed by me in this letter.

"Major Harris, Chief Engineer, has received my instructions relative to locating some of the 'Rain's torpedoes' about Cummings's Point and within the harbor, independently of the electrical torpedoes under the charge of Mr. Weldon.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"G. T. BEAUREGARD,
"GENL. COMDG."

I was thus minute in my instructions to General Ripley, because, though he was an able artillery officer, I knew that he possessed but scant knowledge, and no experience, of military engineering. My best and almost only assistant for planning the construction of batteries and making the selection of the sites on which they were to be erected, was Major Harris, the chief engineer of the department, on whom I placed the utmost reliance, and who always thoroughly understood and entered into my views. It is an error to state, as I am informed one or two writers have done, even in South Carolina, that the erection of batteries along the shores of the inner harbor, and in the city of Charleston itself, was due to what has been termed the untiring zeal, forethought and engineering ability of General Ripley. My letters of instruction and my official orders to General Ripley, from his arrival in my department up to the time of my leaving it, in April, 1864, conclusively show that those batteries were all planned and located by me, and that I passed upon all questions relative, not only to their armament, but even to the caliber of the guns that were to be placed in them.* I take this broad, formal position, not that I intend to detract from the merit of that officer, but because I desire to occupy before the country the position which is rightfully mine.

My fear was that an attack upon Sumter might be attempted at night. One or two monitors, I thought, during a dark night could approach the fort within easy range, and open fire upon its weakest face with almost certain impunity. Sumter, even at night, could be sufficiently seen by the monitors to be seriously damaged by their fire; whereas the monitors being very low in the water could only be visible from the fort by the flash of their guns.

*See "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. II, chapters xxix, xxx, xxxi, xxxii, xxxiii, and the appendices to the same.

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To guard against such an attempt of the enemy, on the first of March, I wrote as follows to Commodore Ingraham :

"SIR—The movements of the enemy in Port Royal harbor, yesterday, looked suspicious and have the appearance of an early movement of some sort. Thus forewarned it will appear assuredly the part of prudence to be on the watch. I must therefore request that the Confederate steamer "Stono" should take her position as a guard-boat, in advance of the forts, as far as practicable to-night, and thereafter every night for the present."

I also caused a train of cars to be held in readiness at the Pocotaligo Station to bring such re-enforcements as might be drawn from the military district commanded by General Walker ; and I informed the latter that "all his movements should look to the final defense of Charleston, where I would concentrate all my troops when required."

On the 28th of February, the enemy again attacked Fort McAllister, with an iron-clad, three gun-boats and a mortar-boat, and also, on the 3d of March, with three monitors. He was evidently trying his hand before his final venture against Fort Sumter. But the result must have sorely disappointed him ; for notwithstanding the vigor of these two engagements—the first lasting more than two hours, the second at least seven—the Confederate battery was found, after inspection, to have sustained no material damage. The next day (4th of March), I informed the War Department of what had occurred and used the following language :

"Fort McAllister has again repulsed enemy's attack. Iron-clads retired at 8 P.M., yesterday ; mortar-boats shelled until 6 o'clock this morning. All damage repaired during night ; 8 inch columbiads mounted, and fort as good as ever. No casualties reported. Result encouraging. Enemy's vessels still in sight."

On the 5th of April, the enemy's force had materially increased in the Stono and the North Edisto. His iron-clads, including the frigate "New Ironsides," and eight monitors had crossed the outer bar and cast anchor in the main channel. No doubt could be had of their intention.

Two days later—on the 7th—a date ever memorable in the annals of the late war, the signal for the attack on Fort Sumter, so long anticipated and so long delayed, was finally given.

First steamed up, in line, one following the other, the "Weehawken," the "Passaic," the "Montauk" and the "Patapsco" ; four single-turreted monitors. The "New Ironsides," the flag-

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ship of the fleet, came next. Then came the "Catskill," the "Nantucket," the "Nahant"; three other single-turreted monitors. The double-turreted "Keokuk" was the eighth, and closed the line. Experienced and gallant officers commanded them all. Rear-Admiral Dupont was on board the flag-ship. Other Federal steamers stood outside the bar, but evidently with no intent to take part in the action. They were the "Canandaigua," the "Housatonic," the "Unadilla," the "Wissahickon" and the "Huron." The armament of the others, that is to say, of all the iron-clads that were to take part in the engagement, consisted of thirty-three guns "of the heaviest caliber ever used in war," up to that time, "to wit, 15 and 11 inch Dahlgren guns, and 8 inch rifled pieces." *

The attacking squadron was "to pass up the main ship channel without returning the fire of the batteries on Morris Island, unless signal should be made to commence action." Fire was to be opened "on Fort Sumter when within easy range."

The "left or north-east face" of the fort was to be engaged, "at a distance of from one thousand to eight hundred yards, firing low, and aiming at the center embrasures." The officers and men were instructed "to carefully avoid wasting a shot." "Precision rather than rapidity of fire," was the injunction made to all.

Such was, in substance, the laconic but expressive language of the plan of attack and order of battle prepared and adopted by Rear-Admiral Dupont, and distributed among his subordinate commanders.

Sumter was his objective. It was doomed, and must be reduced. "*After the reduction of Fort Sumter,*" continued the same order of battle, "it is probable the next point of attack will be the batteries on Morris Island."

It is clear that Admiral Dupont had no doubt of his ability to carry out his programme; and that the only question open to his mind was, which of the other works around the harbor he would reduce after the fall of Sumter. The Admiral had little idea while thus predicting the result of his attack, that on the very same day and scarcely half an hour after firing his first gun, he would be forced to acknowledge—and his officers likewise—"the utter impracticability of taking the city of Charleston with the

* See "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. II, chap. xxx, p. 67.

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force under his command"; and that "a renewal of the attack . . . would be attended with disastrous results, involving the loss" of the whole South Carolina coast.

To oppose this formidable array of new and reputed invulnerable floating batteries, gotten up at such heavy cost and with every anticipation of success by the Federal government, we had, on our side: 1. Fort Sumter, under Colonel Alfred Rhett, with a garrison of seven companies of the First South Carolina Artillery (regulars); the guns it brought into action on that day, were two 7 inch Brookes, four 10 inch columbiads, four 8 inch navy guns, seven banded and rifled 42 pounders, one banded and rifled 32 pounder, thirteen smooth-bore 32 pounders, and seven 10 inch sea-coast mortars—in all, forty-four guns and mortars. 2. Fort Moultrie, under Colonel William Butler, with five companies of the First South Carolina Infantry (regulars); the guns engaged were, nine 8 inch columbiads, five banded and rifled 32 pounders, five smooth-bore 32 pounders, and two 10 inch mortars—in all, twenty-one guns and mortars. 3. Battery Bee, on Sullivan's Island, under Lieutenant-Colonel Simkins, with three companies of the First South Carolina Infantry (regulars), and six guns—five 10 inch, and one 8 inch, columbiads. 4. Battery Beauregard, under Captain Sitgreaves, with two companies of regulars, —one from Sumter and one from Moultrie—and three guns: an 8 inch columbiad, and two thirty-two pounders, rifled. 8. Battery Wagner, under Major Huger, with two companies of regulars from Sumter. There, only one gun was used—a 32 pounder, rifled. 6. Cummings' Point Battery, under Lieutenant Lesesne, with a detachment of regulars from Fort Sumter. Two guns were engaged—one 10 inch columbiad and one 8 inch Dahlgren.

The number of guns actually engaged on our side against the iron-clad fleet, on the 7th of April, was therefore seventy-six, of which nine were mortars.

Two companies of infantry had been placed on Sullivan's and Morris Islands, to guard against a land attack. Commodore Ingraham had also been cautioned to hold the gun-boats "Palmetto State" and "Chicora" in readiness, to assist our batteries in case of need; but they were not needed.

The approach of the monitors was slow and cautious. They dreaded the rope obstructions which were known to be connected with heavily charged torpedoes. But the report afterward circu-

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lated—to which Mr. Seward gave the weight of his official name—that the "rope obstructions in the channel fouled the screws of the iron-clads," was entirely erroneous. Not one of the iron-clads ever approached nearer than six hundred yards to any of these obstructions, with the exception of the "Keokuk," "which dropped in, to about three hundred yards" of them before being able to "get again under way."* How, therefore, could the screws or propellers of the "Weehawken," the leading monitor, or of any of the others, have "*fallen into these entanglements*," to quote an expression used at the time?

At three o'clock P.M., the first shot was fired. It came from Fort Moultrie, and was aimed at the "Weehawken." No heed was taken of it. The turreted iron-clad kept on her way until within fourteen hundred yards of Fort Sumter, when she paused a moment and opened fire on it. Fully two minutes elapsed; and Sumter then replied, firing by battery. The other monitors now steamed up, taking their respective positions, but with apparent hesitation and as far out of range as possible. The action had become general; Sumter being the central point of the attack. An occasional shot was sent at Moultrie, an occasional one at Batteries, Bee and Beauregard.

The spectacle of this singular combat between what appeared to be nine floating iron turrets—for the hulls of the monitors were almost wholly submerged—and the grand old fortress, that barred their way and defied them all, was, indeed, an impressive one, not to be easily forgotten. It fully deserved the epithet of "*sublimely terrific*" afterward applied to it by a Northern writer who had witnessed the scene.†

After a lapse of about three-quarters of an hour, Admiral Dupont's flag-ship, the "New Ironsides," advanced to within some seventeen hundred yards of Sumter, evidently with a view to breach its walls. But the concentrated fire from our batteries forced her to withdraw hurriedly out of range, as the "Passaic" had already done, in an apparent crippled condition. The fire of Sumter was so accurate that two other monitors were compelled to retire. At four o'clock P.M., the "Keokuk" advanced alone to within nine hundred yards of Sumter, but with no better success than her con-

* See letter to Gen. Cooper, dated Oct. 15, 1863, in "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. II, chap. xxx, p. 71.

† "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. II, chap. xxx, p. 68.

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sorts. She soon withdrew, badly worsted. In his report Colonel Rhett says: "The wrought-iron bolts from a 7 inch Brooke gun, were plainly seen to penetrate her turret and hull, and she retired in forty minutes riddled and apparently almost disabled." The whole attacking squadron now slowly withdrew from an engagement which had lasted not more than two hours and twenty-five minutes, but which had been, for the enemy, a most disastrous defeat. The following are extracts from reports of officers in command or on duty, that day, including portions of an official communication of mine forwarded a few weeks afterward to the War Department. They will aid in a better understanding of the various features of the attack just described.

Colonel Rhett said:

"The enemy's fire was mostly ricochet and not very accurate; most of their shot passed over the fort and several to the right and left. The greater portion of their shots were from thirteen to fourteen hundred yards distant, which appeared to be the extent of their effective range; some shots were from a greater distance and did not reach the fort at all."

General Ripley said:

"The action was purely of artillery—forts and batteries against the iron-clad vessels of the enemy—other means of defense, obstructions and torpedoes not having come into play. Fort Sumter was the principal object of the attack, and to that garrison, . . . special credit is due for sustaining the shock, and, with their powerful armament, contributing principally to the repulse."

Major Echols, of the Corps of Engineers, in his report to Major Harris, Chief Engineer of the department, used this language:

"The first turret opened fire at five minutes past three, and moved backward, thus developing their maneuver of attack. . . . The second turret passed the first, fired, moved backward; the first moved forward, passed the second, fired, and backed, then retired from action; the other turrets maneuvering in the same relative manner, each time nearing or receding a little from the fort, in order not to present a permanent target. . . . The 'Keokuk' sank off the south end of Morris Island, at half-past eight o'clock the following morning (April 8). Her smoke-stack and turrets are now visible at low water. From her wreck floated ashore a book, a spy-glass, and pieces of furniture bespattered with blood, and small fragments of iron sticking in them. . . .

"The firing of the turrets was timed; they discharged generally at intervals of ten minutes. . . . Allowing six of them constantly engaged, they delivered eighty-seven shots; one fired twice and retired; the 'Keokuk' fired three or four times, and the 'Ironsides' about seventeen—making the total

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number fired by the enemy about one hundred and ten, which were principally directed at Sumter.* Her walls show the effect of fifty-five missiles—shot, shells and fragments. . . .

"The casualties are slight. At Sumter five men were wounded by fragments of masonry and wood. . . . At Moultrie one man was killed by the falling of the flag-staff when shot away. At Battery Wagner an ammunition chest . . . exploded from the blast of the gun, killing three men, mortally wounding one, slightly wounding Lieutenant Steadman, in charge of the gun, and three men. . . .

. . . "On the following day (April 8) the fleet lay inside the bar, in the same line of battle in which they approached—the first one about two miles and a half from Sumter, and one and a half miles from Morris Island. Men were visible all day on the turret of one, hammering, evidently repairing her plating. . . . About noon one of the turrets † went south, probably to Port Royal, for repairs, etc.

"The 'Ironsides' has kept up a full head of steam since the engagement, as can be seen by her constantly blowing off. Three holes are distinctly seen in her stern, two just above the water line. . . .

"The hull of the turrets in running trim stands about two feet above water-level, carrying a whistle, smoke-stack, and stanchions for swinging a small boat on deck, with a light railing around it. When cleared for action she is submerged almost to the water-level—the other articles all removed flush with the deck."

Major Harris, the Chief Engineer, in his report said:

"The manner in which the fort withstood the bombardment is a matter of congratulation, and encourages us to believe that the repairs that have been made, and the measures now in progress to strengthen and protect its walls, will enable the fort to withstand a much more formidable bombardment with like good results. . . . The sinking of the 'Keokuk' and the discomfiture of the iron-clads have established their vulnerability to our heavy projectiles at a range, say, of from nine to twelve hundred yards."

In the communication sent by me to the War Department, dated May 24, recapitulating the various phases of the attack of April 7, I made the following statement:

"The action lasted two hours and twenty-five minutes; but the chief damage is reported by the enemy to have been done in thirty minutes. The 'Keokuk' did not come nearer than nine hundred yards of Fort Sumter. She was destroyed. The 'New Ironsides' could not stand the fire at the range of a mile. Four of her consorts, monitors, were disabled at the distance of not less than thirteen hundred yards. They had only reached the gorge of the harbor, never within it, and were baffled and driven back before reaching our lines of

* The number of shots fired by the Federal iron-clads was from 151 to 154.

† The "Passaic," towed to Port Royal for repairs.

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torpedoes and obstructions, which had been constructed as an ultimate defensive resort as far as they could be provided. The heaviest batteries had not been employed; therefore it may be accepted as shown, that these vaunted monitor batteries, though formidable engines of war, after all are not invulnerable or invincible, and may be destroyed or defeated by heavy ordnance properly placed and skillfully handled. In reality they have not materially altered the military relations of forts and ships.

"On this occasion the monitors operated under the most favorable circumstances. The day was calm; and the water, consequently, was as stable as that of a river. Their guns were fired with deliberation, doubtless by trained artillerists. According to the enemy's statements the fleet fired one hundred and fifty-one shots, eight of which were ascribed to the 'New Ironsides,' three to the 'Keokuk', and but nine to the 'Passaic,' which was so badly damaged. Not more than thirty-four shots * took effect on the walls of Fort Sumter—a broad mark—which, with the number of discharges, suggests that the monitor arrangement, as yet, is not convenient for accuracy or celerity of fire.

"Fort Moultrie and other batteries were not touched in a way to be considered, while in return they threw one thousand three hundred and ninety-nine shots. At the same time Sumter discharged eight hundred and ten shots; making the total number of shots fired two thousand two hundred and nine, of which the enemy reports that five hundred and twenty struck the different vessels—a most satisfactory accuracy, when the smallness of the target is considered.

. . . "Too much praise cannot be given to the officers and men in all the works engaged, for their spirit, gallantry and discipline, which indeed I had a right to expect, from the high soldierly condition into which those garrisons had been brought by their officers. My expectations were fully realized; and the country, as well as the State of South Carolina, may well be proud of the men who first met and vanquished the iron-mailed, terribly-armed armada, so confidently prepared, and sent forth by the enemy to certain and easy victory."

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

* Major Echols's report puts the number at *fifty-five*, which it is conceded is the correct one.

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THE FUTURE OF THE COLORED RACE.

It is quite impossible, at this early date, to say with any decided emphasis what the future of the colored people will be. Speculations of that kind, thus far, have only reflected the mental bias and education of the many who have essayed to solve the problem.

We all know what the negro has been as a slave. In this relation we have his experience of two hundred and fifty years before us, and can easily know the character and qualities he has developed and exhibited during this long and severe ordeal. In his new relation to his environments, we see him only in the twilight of twenty years of semi-freedom; for he has scarcely been free long enough to outgrow the marks of the lash on his back and the fetters on his limbs. He stands before us, to-day, physically, a maimed and mutilated man. His mother was lashed to agony before the birth of her babe, and the bitter anguish of the mother is seen in the countenance of her offspring. Slavery has twisted his limbs, shattered his feet, deformed his body and distorted his features. He remains black, but no longer comely. Sleeping on the dirt floor of the slave cabin in infancy, cold on one side and warm on the other, a forced circulation of blood on the one side and chilled and retarded circulation on the other, it has come to pass that he has not the vertical bearing of a perfect man. His lack of symmetry, caused by no fault of his own, creates a resistance to his progress which cannot well be overestimated, and should be taken into account, when measuring his speed in the new race of life upon which he has now entered. As I have often said before, we should not measure the negro from the heights which the white race has attained, but from the depths from which he has come. You will not find Burke, Grattan, Curran and O'Connell among the oppressed and famished poor of the famine-stricken districts of Ireland. Such men come of comfortable antecedents and sound parents.

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Laying aside all prejudice in favor of or against race, looking at the negro as politically and socially related to the American people generally, and measuring the forces arrayed against him, I do not see how he can survive and flourish in this country as a distinct and separate race, nor do I see how he can be removed from the country either by annihilation or expatriation.

Sometimes I have feared that, in some wild paroxysm of rage, the white race, forgetful of the claims of humanity and the precepts of the Christian religion, will proceed to slaughter the negro in wholesale, as some of that race have attempted to slaughter Chinamen, and as it has been done in detail in some districts of the Southern States. The grounds of this fear, however, have in some measure decreased, since the negro has largely disappeared from the arena of Southern politics, and has betaken himself to industrial pursuits and the acquisition of wealth and education, though even here, if over-prosperous, he is likely to excite a dangerous antagonism; for the white people do not easily tolerate the presence among them of a race more prosperous than themselves. The negro as a poor ignorant creature does not contradict the race pride of the white race. He is more a source of amusement to that race than an object of resentment. Malignant resistance is augmented as he approaches the plane occupied by the white race, and yet I think that that resistance will gradually yield to the pressure of wealth, education, and high character.

My strongest conviction as to the future of the negro therefore is, that he will not be expatriated nor annihilated, nor will he forever remain a separate and distinct race from the people around him, but that he will be absorbed, assimilated, and will only appear finally, as the Phœnicians now appear on the shores of the Shannon, in the features of a blended race. I cannot give at length my reasons for this conclusion, and perhaps the reader may think that the wish is father to the thought, and may in his wrath denounce my conclusion as utterly impossible. To such I would say, tarry a little, and look at the facts. Two hundred years ago there were two distinct and separate streams of human life running through this country. They stood at opposite extremes of ethnological classification: all black on the one side, all white on the other. Now, between these two extremes, an intermediate race has arisen, which is neither white nor black, neither Caucasian nor

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Ethiopian, and this intermediate race is constantly increasing. I know it is said that marital alliance between these races is unnatural, abhorrent and impossible; but exclamations of this kind only shake the air. They prove nothing against a stubborn fact like that which confronts us daily and which is open to the observation of all. If this blending of the two races were impossible we should not have at least one-fourth of our colored population composed of persons of mixed blood, ranging all the way from a dark-brown color to the point where there is no visible admixture. Besides, it is obvious to common sense that there is no need of the passage of laws, or the adoption of other devices, to prevent what is in itself impossible.

Of course this result will not be reached by any hurried or forced processes. It will not arise out of any theory of the wisdom of such blending of the two races. If it comes at all, it will come without shock or noise or violence of any kind, and only in the fullness of time, and it will be so adjusted to surrounding conditions as hardly to be observed. I would not be understood as advocating intermarriage between the two races. I am not a propagandist, but a prophet. I do not say that what I say *should* come to pass, but what I think is likely to come to pass, and what is inevitable. While I would not be understood as advocating the desirability of such a result, I would not be understood as deprecating it. Races and varieties of the human family appear and disappear, but humanity remains and will remain forever. The American people will one day be truer to this idea than now, and will say with Scotia's inspired son:

"A man's a man for a' that."

When that day shall come, they will not pervert and sin against the verity of language as they now do by calling a man of mixed blood, a negro; they will tell the truth. It is only prejudice against the negro which calls every one, however nearly connected with the white race, and however remotely connected with the negro race, a negro. The motive is not a desire to elevate the negro, but to humiliate and degrade those of mixed blood; not a desire to bring the negro up, but to cast the mulatto and the quadroon down by forcing him below an arbitrary and hated color line. Men of mixed blood in this country apply the name "*negro*" to themselves, not because it is a correct ethnological description,

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but to seem especially devoted to the black side of their parentage. Hence in some cases they are more noisily opposed to the conclusion to which I have come, than either the white or the honestly black race. The opposition to amalgamation, of which we hear so much on the part of colored people, is for most part the merest affectation, and, will never form an impassable barrier to the union of the two varieties.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

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LETTERS TO PROMINENT PERSONS.

No. II.—To Judge Allen G. Thurman.

My Dear Judge Thurman:

To address you by the title which comes most naturally to the lips of those who know you best is to paint in a word the dominant qualities of your nature which made you, by the unanimous verdict of your colleagues of both parties, an acknowledged law-lord of the Senate, before you had sat out one-third part of your first term of service in that august and by no means impressionable body.

It is also, as I shall show, to answer a question which all the country has been asking itself ever since it was first dazzled, not to say dazed, by the brilliant absence of Democratic names of national repute from the lists of President Cleveland's constitutional advisers.

A novelist who should bring to his work the constructive might and ability of an Owen, might throw a flood of light on the subtle diseases which are dissolving the body politic of our modern society, by skillfully developing into an analytical romance the half-forgotten essay of William Hazlitt "On the Look of a Gentleman."

Were an American Hazlitt to attempt a similar essay "On the Look of a Judge," he must inevitably draw two portraits. Some of us would recognize in one of those portraits, the large and leonine traits of the late Judge Nelson, and recall with a blush of shame that triumph of the pygmies over the giants which he sought in vain to stay, and which plunged the American people into the Red Sea of Civil War.

All of us, I am sure, would recognize in the other of these portraits, the ample brow, the massive frame, the kindling clear gray eye, under the stress of which, on one remarkable occasion, I saw the glib Mephistopheles of a millionaire conspiracy for rigging legislation go suddenly dumb and limp, creep with fumbling hand

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to the door-knob and vanish from your presence like a ghost at cock-crow.

Despite your love of hodden-gray, the motto of old "blue and yellow," *judex damnatur cum nolens absolutur*, might well be yours. "Let no guilty man escape" would have been no idle form of words, had it been uttered under the roof of the White House by you; nor does the man live who will venture to say that he believes it would have been possible for any public servant to sit in the same Cabinet with you for twenty minutes after it had been conclusively shown to you that he had used his official authority to re-enforce, with the power and influence of the Federal Government, a suit at law instituted for the benefit of a corporation numbering him amongst its stockholders and its directors.

It is told of Sir Fowell Buxton, the right arm of the great emancipation movement in England, that, upon the eve of the day fixed by him for bringing forward that motion in the House of Commons, which eventually secured the freedom of the West Indian slaves, Lord Althorp, then a member of the Government, and his close personal friend, came to him as he took his seat in the House, and, stating certain considerations of policy, entreated him to defer the motion for a specified time. Buxton listened tranquilly to all the Minister had to say, and then, looking him full in the face, calmly replied:

"I do not say, Althorp, that rather than trifle with this measure as you suggest, I would allow my head to be cut off; but I do say most emphatically, that rather than do so I would certainly see your head cut off."

This story has more than once recurred to my mind when I have remembered your brief but conclusive response to the pleas for indulgence urged on you, in perfect good faith, by a friend of yours and of mine, who came to you with the request that you mitigate your determination that the Pacific Railway Companies should be held to the extreme letter of their obligations, and that a halt should be called in that career of corruption in the course of which, as you so convincingly demonstrated to the people of the West during the great preliminary campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. Tilden to the presidency, "these companies, principally ruled and governed by certain members of Congress, had made it absolutely certain that the people of the United States must be defrauded of not less than fifty millions of dollars."

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When our friend had exhausted the quiver of arguments, you shook out that historic red bandanna, with a gesture familiar to the Senate on many a hot field-day of debate, and exclaimed :

"It can't be done! it can't be done! It is idle to talk about it! There isn't an iota of reason why any consideration should be shown to these people; and I tell you, once for all, that, so far as I am concerned, all the wealth in the Comstock lode would not make me entertain for one moment the thought of remitting in their favor one penny of their dues to the Government and the people."

I dare say you have never thought of this conversation since it occurred, for though I have heard you tell a thousand tales of your exploits as an angler since you established your reputation as a master in that gentle craft by sending a seventy-five pound cat-fish in ice all the way from Columbia in Ohio to the Oakland House in Maryland, I do not know that either I or any other man ever heard you celebrate your own senatorial chastity, or saw you pose in a toga for a statue of Cato the Censor.

But our friend has not forgotten it ; and it may perhaps surprise you to learn that whispers of it were wafted (not by him), during the winter of 1884–85, from a Pythian shrine on the banks of the Hudson to listening ears at Albany. Monopoly is the chief of cowards, and therefore, also, the chief of eavesdroppers. It has the instincts of a criminal for the faces of a jury. "Some men," Rufus Choate used to say, "we hate for cause, others we hate peremptorily." You have been hated by monopolists from your first entrance upon public life—hated peremptorily before you were hated for cause. How bitterly hated, we saw when your name was brought before the Legislature of Ohio as a candidate for the Senate at the end of your second term.

"It has cost us a power of money," said a well-known manipulator, "but we have beaten that d—d Thurman at last!"

Your intolerance of corruption is deadly because it is instinctive, simple, almost unconscious. No man is more catholic in his tastes, more cordial in his temper, no man less disposed than you to define his social by his political sympathies.

But I am sure it would never have occurred to your practical and prosperous friend, the Senator from West Virginia, to think of asking you, as he asked a bitterly virtuous colleague of yours, to join a certain cavalcade through the mountains of your native state in quest of an opening for railways.

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So marked is the unmanageably judicial turn of your mind that I should be half inclined to call the failure of President Cleveland to call upon you, when he was concocting his Cabinet, rather creditable than otherwise, from his then point of view, to his sagacity, could I believe that it was determined by his personal appreciation of your temperament. You were certainly the last man in the world to be invited by a green hand into a domestic orchestra of flutes and soft recorders, precisely because you were the first man in the Democratic party who would have been invited by an experienced Executive into a real Council of constitutional advisers. But, although the influences which wrought upon the mind of President Cleveland, at the time to which I refer, in regard to you, had their roots in party transactions of which President Cleveland is doubtless as innocently ignorant to-day, as he was when he was suddenly precipitated, by the collapse of the schemes of a leading Brooklyn politician, from the Mayoralty of Buffalo into the Executive Mansion at Albany, four short years ago; their immediate effect, so far as he was concerned, unquestionably was to secure to him the undisturbed enjoyment, which he desired, of his own initiative in the administration of the Government. It is not disrespectful to say of him that he began his Presidency like a sort of Robinson Crusoe in politics; and I cannot really imagine a more inconvenient Man Friday than he would have found you to be!

Who can suppose, for example, that, if you had accepted a seat in his future Cabinet, in January, 1885, that remarkable letter on the Silver Question could ever have been dispatched by an incoming President to an outgoing Congress in February? It is an open secret, now, that the incoming President never took the trouble to submit that letter to the consideration of more than one of his selected "advisers" before he caused it to be sent to Washington; nor can any one who was on the spot at the time forget the feverish anxiety, manifested by more than one of those selected and expectant advisers, to get a sight of the document as soon as they learned of its existence. It would have been an awkward thing to take a liberty of that sort with you! Very awkward; and yet how much trouble the new President would have escaped had he encountered at the outset of his administration the wholesome corrective of a collision, on such an issue, with a will so firm and a knowledge of the conditions of Executive success so thorough as yours!

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It would have put him at once into touch with the living and practical forces of American politics. It would have thrown into their proper perspective the palavering pedants and the fawning political quacks who trooped to Washington in hordes to practice upon his inexperience; and to assist him in discovering America and verifying the processes of the multiplication table.

Take the vital question of silver and of its functions in our currency. In what respect has the discussion of this question been advanced toward a practical solution, by all the trouble which President Cleveland has taken in regard to it, beyond the point at which you left it when, as a Delegate of the United States to the International Monetary Conference at Paris, you said to your colleagues on the 2d of July, 1881:

"I believe that Bi-metallism will ultimately prevail; for I cannot see how the vast structure of credit—the most distinguishing feature of modern industry and commerce—can be supported on a gold basis alone. With both metals, its base has often been found too narrow; with but one, it would be, to my apprehension, positively unsafe."

France has appointed a Permanent Commission to watch and promote her interests as a silver-using country in connection with the question of international bi-metallism.

In Germany, the subject is agitating both the imperial Reichstag and the Landtag of Prussia, and the German Chancellor who, in 1881, contented himself with making a Platonic declaration, through the German delegates at Paris, of his belief that a "rehabilitation of silver is desirable," is now engaged, to use his own picturesque language, "in sounding the ground to see whether he may safely venture on it in quest of the free coinage of silver, as he would send a boy before going in to shoot snipe." Even in England the press assures us that men of light and learning in both Houses of Parliament and of both political parties are beginning to admit, what was clear to you long ago, that "the attempt to support the vast structure of credit on a gold basis alone" threatens grave disasters, not only to the commerce and the liberty of the rest of mankind, but to the liberty, more precious in their eyes, of John Bull himself.

Had President Cleveland taken counsel with you before he brought himself into contact so unceremoniously with the mind of his party in the House of Representatives on this subject, who can doubt that he would have found himself to-day infinitely nearer to

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some working agreement with the national legislature than he now is, or seems likely, within any reasonable time, to be. And this, not because you are a Western man, not because you represent what are called the "ideas of Ohio," but simply because you would have taken into the Cabinet the broad judicial common-sense which in the Senate commanded for you the respect even of your most determined political antagonists. When you advocated in the Senate, on the 6th of February, 1878, the passage of the House bill authorizing the free coinage of the silver dollar and restoring its legal-tender character, your statements of the case covered it like the summing up of a Marshall. You said, with truth, of your speech on that occasion, that it was "as plain," and, with less truth, that it was "as dull, as a pikestaff." You did not find it necessary, to be sure, to preface your statement, as one of your colleagues did, with a kind of rhapsody, or to aver that you "stood awe-struck and almost appalled at the consent of mankind in all ages to use the two precious metals." But you put away all decent pretexts for hot recrimination between the "goldings" and the "silver swindlers" by a simple recital of undeniable facts.

"Mr. President: Silver and gold have been the metallic money of the world for thousands of years. They were the money of our Constitution. They were the metallic money of the Colonies and afterwards of the United States from the Declaration of Independence until silver was demonetized by mistake, and without the knowledge of the people or Congress, by the enactment of the Revised Statutes in 1874. Both metals are suited to perform the functions of money, and silver does perform that function among a large majority of the human race. Silver is especially suited for small transactions, and may, therefore, properly be called the money of people in humble circumstances. It follows from these premises that the burden of proof rests on those who insist that silver should be demonetized."

Can anybody imagine such a locking of horns as the country has this winter seen at Washington, between a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives and the Cabinet of a Democratic President dealing with this subject in the spirit of this judicial statement?

And, putting aside all considerations of party, will any intelligent man deny that such a locking of horns between a party majority in the House of Representatives and a President elected by the voters whom that party majority represents, is a thing undesirable in itself and dangerously inconsistent with the smooth and prosperous play of the machinery of our government?

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You are too fond of and too familiar with the best literature of France to need to be reminded that every man must have "the defects of his qualities." I doubt not you made out this great truth by the light of your mother-wit years ago when, at Chillicothe, that fair young exile of sunny France led you with a gentle hand through the thorny mysteries of Noël and Chapsal into the pleasant gardens and woodlands of La Fontaine. You will not quarrel with me now, therefore, for citing, in illustration of it, the part, such as it was, which you were led into taking in the performances of the Electoral Commission of 1877. Nothing, I am sure, but your judicial love of a tribunal and your lawyer-like faith in legal contrivances could have seduced you into listening to the specious proposition of your colleague from Vermont. I firmly believe that you never for a moment imagined it to fall within the compass of things possible that a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States could be constrained or cajoled into playing the part actually played in that scandalous transaction by Mr. Justice Bradley. You thought the interests of justice and the rights of the people safer, I remember, when they passed into his hands than they had been in the hands of that ponderous yet nimble son of Illinois, Mr. Justice Davis, who whisked his ambition and his avoirdupois so suddenly and so deftly from the bench into the Senate Chamber—for you believed Bradley to be the better lawyer of the two, and the more loyal to the law.

"He can be trusted" you said to one of the keenest and most skeptical of Mr. Tilden's counsel,—"he can be trusted. In the Grant Parish case, reported in the second of Wood's Reports for the Fifth Circuit, he decided some provisions of the Enforcement Acts to be unconstitutional. He knows the law of Louisiana thoroughly. He knows the condition of the state. He has been upon that circuit ever since his elevation to the bench, and I am sure we can trust him."

I can see you, now, as you sat at that fatal table in the old Senate Chamber, then the Chamber of the Supreme Court. Of the five justices of that high tribunal, who sat there with you, not one, had he worn the robes of office which lend so much dignity to the least dignified of men, could have looked the judge as you looked it, muffled up though you were in your great gray comforter, and waving ever and onon the inevitable bandanna. You sat there, grave, watchful, but serene and confident, till the vote was taken on the case of Florida and the voice of the judge in whose piety you trusted was given to

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the fraudulent claimant of the highest office in the gift of a free people. What you suffered at that moment may be taken, I think, as an adequate expiation of your personal acquiescence in the scheme through which that suffering befell you. What passed in the secret conference of the Commission on the case of Louisiana, you best know—but what you thought of it all from that moment, the Senate and the country quickly learned in that indignant speech in the Senate in which you mercilessly denounced the Commission and all its works, and called for the passage of a resolution setting aside its decisions and especially condemning the audacious contention that the vote of an ineligible elector must be counted as valid.

"This decision," you said, with honest heat, "will have the effect of a proclamation, assuring dishonest returning-boards that they are free to perpetrate whatever villainy these outcasts may dictate, with an absolute certainty that the villainy will stand."

But the mischief was done, nor could all your eloquence undo it. It taught you nothing new as to the unscrupulousness of politicians, nor, to do you justice, did you affect the transparent astonishment which some of your Democratic colleagues pretended to feel that "men in positions so high could stoop so low." You knew better. You had watched too long the hinges of their knees to be surprised when your associate from the House, Mr. Garfield, chuckled to you, as you sat near him on the bench, over the progress of the game, and whispered, "Make the best of it—you'll have to grin and bear it; we hold the cards, and we mean to play them."

What you really felt as a wound was the blow struck at your reverence for your profession—for the bar and for the bench. Men saw the force of this blow written in your face and in your bearing. It was a surprise to many who watched the proceedings from day to day to learn that you had been ordered by your physician to keep within-doors. On the 28th of February, 1877, the Commission adjourned to your house, and the vote on the Oregon case was taken there in your bed-chamber. Three days afterward you sent a letter to your colleagues stating that you were physically unable to serve any longer, and the Senate relieved you, putting Mr. Kernan, of New York, into the odious and unwelcome post.

It has been imputed to you as an evidence of moral weakness

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that you should then have declined, in the language of Garfield, to "grin and bear" to the bitter end the playing of a game in which you saw so clearly that the cards were stocked, not only against the rights of your party, but against the honor of your country and the very life of free institutions. I do not so regard it. Had you not denounced the course of the Commission in the open Senate, this charge might be brought with more plausibility against you. It would have been well had you never consented to the evil thing. But it was surely better to shake yourself free of it, before its dismal work was done, than to lend even the silent sanction of your presence to the consummation of so foul a wrong. Nor can I forget, when I hear men lay the discount upon your claims to confidence and admiration, the firmness and the courage with which you bore yourself through a scarcely less trying epoch in our history.

The tale of Reconstruction seems to us a chapter now, thank Heaven, of almost ancient history. Yet, no more than fifteen years ago, in the month of February, 1871, the Republicans in the Senate, under the leadership of Senator Conkling (truly "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges"), made a desperate and determined effort to coerce a little handful of Democratic senators into contributing to form a quorum of that body in order that a Force Bill, sent up from the lower House, might be driven through to its passage. Four Democratic senators were in their seats—Mr. Bayard of Delaware, Mr. Casserly of California, Mr. Thurman of Ohio, and Mr. Johnston of Virginia. To make these four senators vote upon the question of the consideration of the Force Bill was necessary, if the Senate was to take it up and pass it; and to this problem, Senator Conkling set himself with his usual emphasis and skill, Senator Carpenter, in the chair, most manfully assisting him. You had then been for two years a member of the Senate, and the Republicans had begun to feel that liking for you which it is in the blood of all men of our race to feel for an antagonist who neither flinches nor hits foul. Between the spur of the Senator for New York and the official whip of the Senator for Wisconsin, the Senator for Delaware and the Senator for Virginia successively were brought to their feet and cornered into negative votes. The Senator for California (too early lost to his party and to his country), to whose persistent energy and untiring labors the merchants of New York are so deeply indebted for the stanchest

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fight ever made in defense of their rights against inquisitorial tyranny, had struck some stinging blows at the majority during a brief preliminary discussion of the conduct of the Republicans in urging such a measure at such a time, the Senate having been kept in session upon the false pretense that an appropriation bill was to be pressed.

But when he was called upon to vote, the young Irish Senator nodded pleasantly across the floor to you, folded his arms and made no sign.

You likewise sat dumb and deaf, and the Muse of History may range at will through the fields of infinite conjecture as to the processes by which a senator who can vote and won't vote may be made to vote; for the opportune arrival of a squad of Republican senators left you, with your Californian ally, the unchallenged masters of the field.

"Other times bring other needs."

Your judicial temper, your firm sense, your loyalty to party principles, have undoubtedly earned for you the right to enjoy, in dignified repose the honor and esteem in which you are held by your State and by Democrats throughout the country. The complimentary vote of the Ohio Democrats, given you at the recent senatorial election in that State, was meant to decorate, not to disturb your retirement, and attests the strength of your hold upon the regard of your own people. You have passed the arbitrary line of three-score and ten, fixed by legislative wisdom as the natural term of judicial usefulness upon the bench. But where is a judicial temper so much needed as in the councils of the great party of which you have so long been a trusted champion and chief? And what signifies the solemn verdict of "legislative wisdom" as to the natural term of judicial usefulness upon the bench or off the bench, in the face of the undeniable fact, if I may be pardoned for using so awful a word, that this is an age of grandocracy? You are a younger man than the Pope. In comparison with the newly-elected President of the French Republic you are almost a youth. In comparison with the German Emperor, you may almost be called a lad. Were you to be made a candidate for the Republic in 1888, you would still be a younger man than the English Premier is, who is grappling to-day so blithely with the tremendous political problem of the settlement of Ireland. M. de Lesseps, "the great Frenchman," flits about to-day between the Isthmus of Suez and the

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Isthmus of Darien, though eight years your senior, with the alert indifference of a Boston bagman.

Far be it from any of your friends to urge you into the arena of political emulation. But, if there be any foundation of truth for the rumors which caused your recent journey from Columbus to Washington, with a dawning desire on the part of the elected Chief Magistrate of the Union to revise his somewhat Utopian theories of political organization and to give up trying to navigate the Ship of State by dead-reckoning, there surely is work, and most important work, for you to do, and he is no true friend to you, to your party, or to your country, who will hesitate to urge you to do it under almost any conditions compatible with your self-respect.

The leader whose right you loyally, though unsuccessfully, strove to protect against fraud and usurpation ten years ago, still lives, physically a much weaker man than yourself. But the Democratic party still looks to him, nor looks in vain, for counsel and for inspiration. At this moment, indeed, his clarion call rings through the land, bidding us build the forts and launch the ships which alone can insure the safety of the Republic, and, with its safety, its weight and instance among the nations of the earth.

Nay; there are not wanting those who affirm that, morally and metaphorically speaking, it was he who in truth led the Democratic legions to victory in 1884, even as the dead Cid rode forth on Bavieca to shatter the ranks of the Moors, or, as the bones of Edward the Long-shanked, were borne before the invading host of England into the land of the Bruce.

It is no fault of his, and assuredly no fault of yours, if the fruits of that victory now begin to assume a certain wan and shriveled aspect, as of so many apples of Sodom.

But will your party, my dear Judge, hold you excused, will you hold yourself excused, if, in the presence of so much confusion within your party ranks and of such exultant preparations of the gospel of war along the line of your enemies, you come not forth to sound as of yore the trumpet, and point as of yore the way to effective battle and to enduring triumph?

ARTHUR RICHMOND.

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THE REMOVAL OF McCLELLAN.

GENERAL McCLELLAN was removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac on the 5th of November, 1862. The original of the order for his removal is herewith reproduced. It is, throughout, in the handwriting of President Lincoln. It is a paper that will be examined with interest.

Executive Mansion,

Washington, 1861

"By direction of the President, it is ordered that Major General McClellan be relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac; and, that Major General Burnside take the command of that Army.

Also, that Major General Hunter take command of the Corps in said Army, which is now commanded by General Burnside.

That Major General Fitz-John Porter be relieved from the command of the Corps he now commands in said Army; and that Major General Hooker take command of said Corps."

The General-in-Chief, is authorized, in discretion, to issue an order substantially as the above, forthwith, or so soon as he may deem proper.

A. Lincoln

Nov. 5, 1862.

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The limits of the discretion committed to General Halleck will also be critically noted, as contrasted with his action based on the order.

So far as the question of time is concerned, that discretion was promptly exercised. The order of the Secretary of War for the removal of General McClellan bears the same date as the President's order. But, excepting in the removal of General McClellan and the assignment of General Burnside as his successor, the order did not follow the President's directions.

The General Order issued in pursuance of the President's order is as follows:

General Orders, No. 182. WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJT.-GEN.'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, *November* 5, 1862.

By direction of the President of the United States, it is ordered that Major-General McClellan be relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that Major-General Burnside take the command of that army.

By order of the Secretary of War,

E. D. TOWNSEND, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

This order was sent to General McClellan inclosed in the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, *November* 5, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN, *Commanding, etc.*:

GENERAL: On receipt of the order of the President, sent herewith, you will immediately turn over your command to Major-General Burnside, and repair to Trenton, N. J., reporting, on your arrival at that place, by telegraph, for further orders.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK, *General-in-Chief.*

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OUR "HOUSE OF LORDS."

UNDER the title-lines of "Lords and Commons: the customary hostility between the two Houses getting under way," there recently appeared among the New York press dispatches from the Capital this noteworthy telegraphic message:

"WASHINGTON, *December* 18.—The customary antagonism between the Senate and the House is coming to the surface, and will undoubtedly grow as the session progresses. The feeling seems to have no specific grounds, but each House, judged by its general tone, regards the other as its natural enemy, to be fought at all points. The Senate, as usual, claims that its passed measures are neglected until they accumulate formidably, proving gross disrespect for the superior body. The House, on its part, alleges that the Senate tampers too much with its financial legislation, in the way of amendments, and altogether exceeds its proper functions. It is evident that some very radical members regard the Upper House as a sort of American House of Lords—ornamental but not extremely useful. But people here are accustomed to the growl."

It is probable that this paragraph may be the first statement that the reader has seen of a "customary antagonism," of a constantly increasing spirit of hostility, between the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States. Yet both its existence and its growth have been recognized for many years past, and especially since the close of the Civil War. The constitutional cause of it has been one of the most potent, although one of the most silent influences, that has determined the policy of our political parties both in their domestic and foreign relations.

Before the Civil War the Constitution was our national fetich. To doubt the wisdom of its founders was heresy. The Union that they founded was our Ark of the Covenant: whoso laid unhallowed hands on it was guilty of an unpardonable sin. We see, now, that we were only whitewashing the sepulchers of the Fathers; that we were whistling these antique continental airs to

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keep our courage up as we drew nearer and nearer to the death-bed of the old Constitution and to the grave of the "Union of the Fathers."

The secession of the South changed the mental attitude of the nation to the Federal Constitution. The North rose from its knees among the grave-stones, and it no longer tried to decipher their moss-grown records. We ceased to ask what the dead Fathers had said, and cared only to know what the living sons should do. The shot at Sumter proclaimed that the South had thrown off its political allegiance to the Union and its intellectual allegiance to the founders of the Constitution; and the answering tinkle of Mr. Seward's little bell announced that the North had resolved to show the nations that democracy did not depend for its stability on written constitutions or "balances of power," or on an idolatrous respect for traditions, but on the purposes, the patriotism and the wisdom of its living defenders; not on the genius of its statesmen or warriors, even, but on the common sense and the common courage of the common people.

Democracy stood this ordeal of fire. General after general failed, statesman after statesman fell; but the common people never once faltered or despaired. The force of a literary education, in its spirit essentially oligarchical, would have led Americans to see in Lincoln, as they once saw in Washington, the leader, without whose guiding wisdom the Union would have perished; but, at one of the most critical periods of the great struggle, when the gravest problems of restoration were ready to be solved, the bullet of an assassin, (like the rebel shot before), again proved that a democracy, encompassed by a people's love, can never be overthrown —that it never needs any one man to defend it or to save its life.

The idols of the Revolutionary era were broken in our civil strife. After nearly two millions of men had studied the science of war and taken part in our titanic struggles, it was no longer possible for them to hold in the same reverence that their boyish lessons had inspired, the military heroes of the Revolutionary war. Our soldiers learned the exact value of the military skill and achievements of the Fathers. But gratitude remained when reverence vanished. An intelligent respect supplanted an idolatrous worship. The soldiers whom Washington led were heroes still, but no longer the half-gods of our history. Bravery fosters respect for the brave, but it also inspires self-respect.

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So, with the civil heroes of the Revolution. By the artillery fires of our contending armies, they were seen to have been able and honest men, but not men of superhuman wisdom, nor greater, but necessarily less enlightened than their living descendants. It was seen that they did well enough for their own day, but in the spirit of the Austrian who muttered "After me the Deluge," it was seen, also, that their dread of a failure to form an enduring Union induced them to establish their Union on inequalities and on injustice that could not endure. What they feared and guarded against, time has shown to have been the strongest bulwarks of our Government; and what they regarded as its strongest bulwarks time, also, has shown to have been the unfriendly powers that sought to destroy it.

Having hardly emerged from the Dead Sea of feudalism, and without the precedent of a successful democracy to guide their footsteps into the untrodden wilderness, the Fathers of the Union feared the people, and they sought by their "successive filtrations of the popular will" to establish a stable and pure government that should guard against the fickleness and corruption of a democracy. They dreaded lest the Federal Executive, for example, should have too much power and thereby endanger the independence of the States. They did not limit the existing suffrage, but they dared not establish universal suffrage.

Now, our history has demonstrated that political corruption is difficult in exact proportion to the extent of the constituency and the extension of the suffrage; that the nearer we come to a large, unrestricted popular vote, the more difficult it is to deceive or bribe the elector, or for conspiracies subsequently to "secure" the successful candidate; that it was the power of the States that sought, and the weakness of the Federal Executive that tended to disrupt the Union; and that the United States Senate, in which the feudal or undemocratic principle was intrenched, was more indifferent to what are called the rights of the States, which it was intended to protect, when party exigencies require their annulment, more unstable in its spirit than the House of Representatives, and less conservative, because less democratic in its character. Our history has shown that a democracy, instead of being fickle, is the most slow-moving—the least flexible—of all systems of government, because, in order to effect great changes in a democracy it is necessary, not to influence a single and restricted class,

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as in Europe, but to overcome the prejudice or the indifference, and to win the enthusiasm and revolutionize the faith, of the millions who wield the power of the ballot.

Our history has shown that democracy has failed, as far as it has failed, just in proportion as an aristocratic element has been permitted to interfere with its operations; that security of rights to life, liberty and property have been endangered in a democracy only when communities, classes or corporations have endeavored to destroy or tamper with that equality of rights, duties and burdens which is the essence of a democratic government.

Careful students of American national life have not failed to note that, since the close of the war, public men and political teachers very rarely refer to the opinions, and never appeal to the authority of the Fathers, as decisive. They defend the Constitution, or they advocate its amendment now, for reasons founded on the promotion of the national welfare. They look not at the setting but toward the rising sun. They tacitly admit—and the sentiment is well-nigh universal in the North—that ours is the "Union of the Boys in Blue," and that what are called the War Amendments of the Constitution were in fact, although not in form, the repealing acts, which abolished that once-revered instrument, and established for the first time in America a Union founded on equality of rights—a democratic Republic.

With such a spirit prevalent and spreading, is it likely that the prohibition of negro slavery and the enfranchisement of the blacks will be the only change that shall be made in the framework of the Federal Constitution? Already Commerce complains that it costs too much to elect a President, and for several years past there has been presented to Congress every year, a memorial asking for the abolition of the Presidency. Will the Senate be exempt from the demand that, in every department of our public life, the touchstone of its utility and the guaranty of its stability shall be equality of rights?

The student of the Constitution knows the reasons and precedents that justified, and the prejudices and jealousies that enforced, the creation of the Senate of the United States. But what constitutional lawyers commonly ignore is that the ruling spirit of our day is the spirit with which Milton declared, when Luther's authority was quoted against him: "What care I for Luther's name unless I am convinced by Luther's reason?" The reasons that

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were most potent one hundred years ago have no force to-day in commending the Senate, as now constituted and elected, to the intelligent respect of the rising generation, among whom (traditional authority having no influence) new theories of political and social development and administration are now widely and critically studied. Before this spirit, soon, or by and by, every institution that cannot justify its existence by its utility will be sure to be cast into the ash-pit of history.

The Federal Senate is out of joint with our times. It is an incorporation of the distrust and dread of democracy, which our history has shown to be unmerited and unwise. It is the American reproduction of that inequality of representation, once known as the rotten-borough system of England, which even in that earthly paradise of caste could not longer be tolerated. It is a denial of equal rights erected into an institution; a withered and useless branch of the tree of our national life. It is a constant hindrance to the extension of our territory and to the purity and the stability of the rule of the people.

Now, there are two questions, often confounded, although they are essentially distinct, that should be separated and kept apart in the discussion of the use and character of the Federal Senate. Ought our present Senate to be abolished or reconstructed? For one, I think it ought to be reorganized on the basis of the equality not of States but of men. Ought there to be any Senate at all? For one, I think that a Senate is not wholly useless, although it is far less necessary than is so vehemently asserted by its defenders. But this second question is a problem of the far future and ought only to have a theoretical interest to the students of political science to-day.

The Federal Senate, as now organized, is founded on the rejection of the fundamental idea of American civilization—Equality of Rights. Its defenders say that it represents the Rights and Equality of the States. But this phrase "the rights of the States," like the kindred phrase, "the rights of property," is unscientific and misleading, and shields a multitude of sins against the people. "Property has its duties as well as its rights," said a Scotch economist, and the empty sophism was welcomed as a revelation by one class and decreed a heresy by their opponents. Property has neither rights nor duties. Rights imply and demand duties, and duties can be done by sentient beings only. Citizens have rights

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in property, derived from the consent of their fellow-citizens, and subject, therefore, to their modification and control; but property in itself has neither rights to be denied nor limited, nor duties to be performed nor directed.

So, in the election of a Federal Senate, what is the meaning of this phrase "State Rights," which even the fierce fires of civil war have not yet wholly purged of its pestilential malignity? Let us see.

It meant, once, before there existed an American People—when the white folks of North America were British subjects in British colonies, having no authority one over the other and no permanent political relations—that each colony, having acted during the war as a separate community, and each, as a separate community, having enjoyed before the war as much self-government as the world then knew, refused, on the return of peace with independence, to enter into a permanent confederation unless its sisters should guarantee the continuance of its political autonomy by giving it equal representation in the Senate as an equal State, with a representation also secured, based on equality of population, in the popular house of the National Legislature. This demand of the lesser States was granted. It was one of the compromises between justice and expediency, between the pretensions of a class and equality of rights, on which the Constitution was formed and the Union based. As our America was then six weeks, or more, distant from Europe, with little foreign trade, no complex rural and industrial life, no intricate financial nor vast commercial interests, no capitalist combinations nor labor organizations; as the total population of the seventeen States of 1790 was less than that of the State of New York, and only a little more than that of Pennsylvania, to-day, it came to pass that the Senate was neither powerful enough to alarm men nor so anomalous as to offend them. Nor was the inequality of representation so conspicuous then, in those simple times, as in our own more elaborate civilization.

In 1790, the date of the first census, this was the order of the States, arranged according to population:

Virginia.....747,610.
[Less by 100,000 than the present population of Philadelphia.]
Pennsylvania 434,373
[Less by about 75,000 than the present population of Chicago.]
North Carolina.....393 751
[Little, if at all, larger than the leading Southern city to-day.]

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Massachusetts.....378,787
[Boston alone has now 566,663 inhabitants.]
New York.....340,120
[300,000 less than the present population of Brooklyn.]
Maryland.....319,728
[50,000 less than the population of Baltimore to-day.]
South Carolina.....249,073
[About the present population of Cincinnati.]
Connecticut.....237,946
[About the present population of San Francisco.]
New Jersey.....184,139
[32,000 less than the population of New Orleans to-day.]
New Hampshire.....141,885
[8,000 less than San Francisco.]
Maine..... 96,540
[About 5,000 less than Louisville.]
Vermont..... 85,425
[Smaller than the present population of Pittsburg.]
Georgia..... 82,548
[Exactly 2 less than the present population of Jersey City.]
Kentucky..... 73,677
[Less than the population of Indianapolis.]
Rhode Island..... 68,285
[Only 6,000 more than the present population of New Haven.]
Delaware..... 59,096
[The present population of Lowell.]
Tennessee..... 35,691
[7,000 less than the present population of Nashville.]

The total population of the seventeen States, in 1790, was 3,929,214—or 53,657 less than the population of the State of New York, in 1880. There is no doubt that the present population of the United States is fourteen times larger than it was at the close of the Revolutionary war.

Practically, then, any wise extension of a municipal government that recognized the supremacy of the town-meeting element in New England, and of the tobacco-raising element in the South, would have satisfactorily administered the domestic affairs of these young States, especially as they all and always had been essentially frontier communities, accustomed to self-government, educated to respect law by seeing daily the need of a common arbitrator, and especially as there was no radical diversity of race or religion, nor serious conflicts of commercial and industrial interests.

But, to-day, the Senate no longer represents communities similar in origin and identical in interest. No poor man can now be elected a Northern Senator—or so rarely that such a result excites instant comment; and especially from the less populous States.

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The Senate is rapidly becoming the most aristocratic social club in America. It is the accidental millionaire, now thirsting for social recognition, or the corporation lawyer hungry for "bonanza fees," who seeks the honor of admission to its membership, or who can afford to enjoy so expensive a luxury.

The population of New York State, in 1880, was 5,083,810; that of Nevada was, by the same census, 62,265. But, at the last Presidential election, Nevada did not cast 13,000 votes, although the interest in the canvass was so great that every available ballot was brought out. Leading journals of the State have admitted that the present population of Nevada is not more than 40,000 souls, that it is constantly decreasing, and that the decadence cannot be stayed except by unexpected mineral discoveries. There is hardly a doubt, therefore, that before the close of the present year, the State of New York, estimating its increase at the ratio of the last decade, will have at least one hundred and thirty times the population of Nevada. Now, what justice is there in any theory or in any institution that demands that each and every American citizen living in Nevada, shall have the same power in the enactment of laws and the adoption of international treaties, that 130 citizens in New York enjoy? Could any system be less democratic? It is the rotten-borough system of England enlarged to continental proportions—the worst and the least defensible principle of an old monarchy adopted as a vital factor of government by a young Republic.

No wrong in Church or State, and no anomaly, ever lacked defenders. When it was proposed to abolish the rotten-borough system of England, the Tories denounced the proposed reform as a violation of "vested rights." The ready answer was that the nation had prior rights that ranked these vested prerogatives—that the interests of all the people were greater than the privileges of any one class of them. When it is asked, here, why a citizen in Nevada should have the power of 130 citizens in New York, the answer is—State Rights. But what is a State now? A geographical aggregation of American citizens, which for a century has never been an independent community; which, as a semi-sovereignty, has rendered no service to the nation that it had the power to withhold, even in the territories whose people have always been loyal to the Union. Whatever claim to sovereignty the old colonies may have advanced—although, in fact, not

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one of the colonies ever was politically independent nor ever could have won political independence—it is surely inadmissible to argue to-day, that those human overflows of the East that we call the Far-west, or the North-west, or the South-west, carried with them any right to sovereignty that their natal communities have not voided.

The most vital and the successful argument advanced for the creation of a Federal Senate was that it would prevent the larger States from overpowering the less populous States. That fear was the sole basis of the second National Chamber, the pretext and apology for abandoning the republican idea of equality of rights. But here again the opposite danger was incurred. It has not been the great States, separately or in aggregations, that have threatened the rights of the small States, as they could have done in the House of Representatives, but it has been the less populous States that have ever violated the principle of equality and exhibited the tyranny of the minority. As a group, it was the South, the less populous aggregation, that sought to destroy the Union. It is the smaller States that dominate to-day.

Let us take New York as the basis of a vote in the Senate, and see how this inequality prevails, in a few instances only.

Let us begin in the far South-east. In Florida (population 269,493) every citizen has the same senatorial representation that in New York (population 5,083,810) it needs more than nineteen citizens to wield. Florida is a poor State; Florida is an illiterate State; Florida was a rebel State; New York was loyal; New York is educated; New York is rich. That is, with equal representation, based on population—on the theory that all men in a Republic should have equal rights—Florida would have one Senator and New York nineteen Senators. Thus loyalty, education, and wealth—and all the civic and personal virtues that create and maintain great commonwealths—are punished by disfranchisement, and the opposite traits are rewarded : 19 to 1.

Let us take the next illustration from the far West. In Colorado, as represented in the Senate, every man has the same power as twenty-six men in New York. Colorado is not a State of homes and it never will be a populous State. Like Nevada it is a district of miners' cabins, and of cow-boys' huts; of revolvers and canned fruit. Yet, until our Constitution is revised, however greatly their population may diminish, Colorada and Nevada, in

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the Senate of the United States, will wield as much power as Pennsylvania and New York, however greatly *their* population may increase.

The State of Delaware has a smaller population than the city of Buffalo—in 1880, it had 8,500 less. In the Senate of the nation, every citizen of Delaware has as much power as thirty-five citizens of New York. Nothing in the history of Delaware, remote or recent, gives her citizens any claim to pre-eminence over the citizens of New York.

The reader can readily work out further illustrations by consulting the Census of 1880. Enough has been done to show how grave the injustice is, from the point of view of equality of human rights.

But this evil is not a sentimental grievance only. To present the view thus advanced, without arousing individual animosities, no reference has been made to the official and personal record of the men whom the minor States have selected, nor to the unrepublican methods by which they are known to be elected, nor to the use that, when in great places, these little men from little States have made of their power thus illegitimately achieved. It may suffice to say that, as a rule, the character and caliber of the senators from the Southern States during the period when the whites were practically disfranchised, as well as from the Far Western States, will never be "pointed to with pride" (as the wrinkled political phrase is) by the future historian of the American Republic. That historian, if he cares to do so, will show, also, that the colossal corruptions that have characterized the annals of Congress during the last twenty years would never have been possible without the zealous aid of this class of senators.

Nor is the present character of the Senate, nor are the influences that are shaping its future, any practical vindication of its existence or any justification for the perpetuation of its inequalities. It is rapidly becoming a House of Millionaires, and of the attorneys of great corporations. At this very hour—the first week of January*—five States are discussing "the claims" of senatorial candidates. From California comes the news that her chair is offered to the greatest millionaire of The Coast; in Rhode Island four millionaires are contesting for the prize; in Illinois a republican millionaire is struggling against a democratic millionaire; in

* This article was written in January, 1885.

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Pennsylvania both candidates are millionaires, while in our own State bullion is again pitted against brains. No wonder that a great journal of New York should say: "It seems as though only millionaires were eligible as candidates for the United States Senate."

To this "tendency to elevate men of wealth rather than of brains," the most thoughtful journal of New England attributes the marked decadence of ability that has been witnessed in the Senate during the last half-century, and especially since the close of the war, in the representatives both of the North and the South.

This tendency is an inevitable although an unhealthy development of our increase in wealth. It can only be cured by a change in the mode of electing senators—by making an illegitimate use of riches impossible, or as innoxious as may be, by enlarging the constituencies they shall represent.

The Senate, as now organized, is a constant hindrance to the extension of our domains and commerce. The opposition, almost universal, to the annexation of territory in the West Indies and in Northern Mexico, is founded, in intelligent minds, on the fear that the representation that the new communities would secure in the Senate would put our institutions in peril. We ought to annex tropical territory, and no policy would be wiser than a union with our Northern neighbors. But while such enlargement of our domain would benefit our commerce, it would be paying too great a price for it to give such petty communities as Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island—neither of them populous enough to make a third-class city—the same representation as New York and Pennsylvania. With a senate elected on the basis of equality of representation, such apprehensions would disappear, and the commerce and industries of the nation would be benefited, and its power and wealth increased.

What is the remedy? To abolish the Senate; or to reconstruct it on the basis of the equality of men, not of the equality of States? It would be possible to divide the country into a hundred senatorial districts, exactly equal in population—the boundaries to be run without reference to State lines—each senator thus representing half a million of souls; to elect each senator for a term of ten years, but ten of them to retire each year, so that every year would introduce a change of membership and yet the Senate be a permanent body not "liable to be influenced by every wave of popular excitement."

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The senators thus chosen should be elected by universal suffrage. The States would preserve their governments unchanged, their autonomies untampered with, but, as States, have no Federal representation. It is the American people, not the States, that should rule the nation. Let the States rule themselves.

Or, if this exact justice should be resisted, a compromise could be made by which every State should have one senator but should be entitled to one additional senator for each half million of people. Nevada might still have one senator, but New York would have ten.

In the mean time, as the only House in which the American idea of Equality of Rights is practically recognized, the House of Representatives should resist that dangerous and constantly increasing innovation of the Senate—interference with appropriations. It is here that the corruption of the smaller States is injected into the body politic. The sole right of originating money supplies that is granted to the House of Representatives, implies also that it should have the sole power of originating every separate item of the Appropriation Bills. The Senate should be a House of Revision only. It is not the States that pay the taxes but the whole body of the people. The hand that holds the money holds the power. Until the House of Representatives thus asserts its rights and dignity, the Senate will continue to be regarded by its members as the "superior body"—an American House of Lords.

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EDWIN M. STANTON.

It was my good fortune to know this eminent man, intimately, during the greater part of his public life. My brother-in-law, N. C. Read, while one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio, when those judges had circuits over the State, came to know Stanton, at Steubenville, through his relative, Judge Tappan, and, liking the youth, had him made reporter to the court *in banc* at Columbus. This was in 1842, and my pursuit of pleasure and Stanton's duties brought us together at the State Capital every winter for several years. I sought Columbus during the holidays, while Stanton, one of the most industrious of men, worked there, not only at his official duties, but in perfecting himself in a profession that soon made him conspicuous as one of its leaders. Often, during the summer, he found relaxation at Judge Read's, and my home, on the Mac-o-cheek, where the two were wont to pass their vacation.

Stanton, when I first knew him, and for years after, was young, ardent and of a most joyous nature. Possessed of a keen sense of humor, he was free and eager in its enjoyment, and, strange as it may sound to those who knew him in later life, had a laugh so hearty and contagious that it became characteristic of him. He was not only a hard student in the line of his profession, but had a taste for light literature that made his conversation extremely attractive.

The truth is, Stanton's imagination was through life the larger and most potent quality of his mind, and from first to last he lived in a world so tinctured by it, that his thoughts and acts were mysteries to the commonplace, matter-of-fact minds about him. He shared this peculiarity with William H. Seward, and the two made up a part of President Lincoln's Cabinet quite distinctive from the other half composed of Lincoln himself and Salmon P. Chase. The President and his Secretary of the Treasury, while dissimilar

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in many things, were one in the way they regarded what the world is pleased to call facts. A dollar, for example, to Mr. Chase was an unit of value, as seen by a banker. In the eyes of Stanton it represented a hard day's labor, and he saw back of it the bread-winner, and all that depends on that word. A battle to the President was a killing and wounding of a certain number of men, and the consequences to be counted, like a sum in arithmetic. To Stanton or Seward it told of forming empire, for or against his cause, and each felt that he had a hand in making history, that would go to record in a government on which rested the happiness and prosperity of untold millions.

Working from such widely separated planes, it is singular how well they worked together. The truth is, however, that human events are more apt to be distorted, when seen without this poetic atmosphere, than when bereft of its proportionizing qualities, if I may coin a word to express my meaning. The Gradgrinds of life are half blind, and altogether stupid, from living in a horizon narrowed to a humanity of Gradgrinds. Stanton was impressed with this belief. In the first years of our intimacy, when to both of us it was a luxury to be alive, he told me of a book he was writing in the odd intervals he snatched from less agreeable studies, on the "Poetry of the Bible."

"I want to call attention to the fact," he was wont to say, in his earnest manner, "that God, in all his communications with man, clothed his language in the highest imagery. All light, and all color, that make life beautiful is the affair of a little nerve God has endowed us with to enjoy his precious gifts, that after all live only in our brain. This principle, I maintain, runs through all, and the highest religion, if not the only religion, is in a true appreciation of God's works. Thus we work our way through Nature up to Nature's God."

I do not know what became of the work thus nobly planned. I imagine it was never completed, for Stanton had none of the qualities of an author. With all his poetic temperament and high imaginative quality, he was a man of action more than of thought, and long before his dreamed-of book, on the "Poetry of God," was finished, he found himself plunged into the arena of active life, where he molded great events, leaving to others their record.

It seems strange to look back and contrast the Stanton of that early day, with the hard, bronze, historic figure of a War Minister,

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whose great brain conceived and iron hand guided the terrible conflict that ended in a rebuilding of the great Republic.

Groups of men are busy, with much noise, in building each a monument to some one savior of the country. This is the faded and threadbare superstition of a barbarous past, when the heavy-boned and hard-muscled giant of a leader led his brutal fighters on to victory, long before the qualities of mind were recognized that made the delicate Cæsar and the little Napoleon masters of the world. In the hurry of human events that marks our modern wars, mere fighting qualities, even of the best, have little to do in bringing about great results. While campaigns are necessary, the resources that make campaigns possible are of more importance, and the men of the departments who sanction plans, select leaders, and furnish the means, are the real heads that make or mar the heroes, and are to be awarded the honor of the success or the blame of failure.

The strangest part, however, as I have said in writing these lines, is to look back and contrast the Stanton of my earlier knowledge with the Stanton of later days. I cannot divest myself of the feeling that I am considering two widely dissimilar men. I can see, as if but an hour since, the youthful advocate, of medium size, but stout of build, with his clean shaven face gleaming through glasses, for he was near sighted, his profusion of dark hair, ever disheveled, as he stood Bible in hand, under the shade of the hickories, at Mac-o-cheek, telling us of the "Poetry of God," and the road to heaven through culture and goodness.

Generous and impulsive to a fault, he seemed to carry his heart in an open hand. I remember a pilgrimage he volunteered for me to Zanesville, Ohio, to reknit a love affair of mine after I had been cruelly jilted by a lovely girl. Think, if one can, of the awful War Secretary on such a mission!

An absence in Europe and a drifting apart separated us for a time, and when we met again I was called upon to recognize another man from the Stanton of my youth.

It was at Washington we met, upon the streets, and I seized the old Stanton by the hand with a cry of delight. For a second the old, well-loved gleam of pleasure lit his face, and then it faded out, and a gloomy, sad expression took its place, and the Stanton I once knew was gone forever. His manner, so cold, reserved and formal, embarrassed me. It was not precisely hostile, it was more

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an indifference, that annoyed. I knew that it could not be a snub, but I felt as poor Jack Falstaff felt, when the sneak of a King disowned in himself the noble, roystering, generous prince of Jack's former knowledge.

I accompanied Stanton to his room at the National Hotel, and all the while I saw he was striving to be pleasant and familiar, and that the effort was in vain. Terminating the interview as soon as I conveniently could, I left him. At the entrance of the hotel, on the avenue below, I remembered a message I wished to give him, and had forgotten. Hastily ascending I knocked at his door, and, getting no answer, entered. He was seated at the table, with his face hid in his arm, and as I touched his shoulder he looked up. To my amazement his face was distorted with extreme grief, while tears seemed to blind him. Shocked and astonished, I stammered out my message.

"Yes, yes," he said, wiping his eyes, "it is very kind of you, Don, but not now, please not now."

To those who knew him, as the great War Secretary of later life, the stern, vindictive, and often in manner brutal "organizer of victory," this incident will sound incredible. But the sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar, and the sensitive, imaginative man, in making his fight with the world, had passed to what I saw him. This change dated from the death of his first wife, the dear companion of his early youth, and from that grief he never entirely recovered.

I happened to be at Washington when Stanton was called to the Cabinet of President Lincoln. It was a strange event. Stanton was not only a Democrat of so fierce a sort that his democracy seemed his religion, but he felt and had openly expressed his contempt for Abraham Lincoln. I remember an instance of this last that is a painful memory, looking back, as I do, with loving admiration of both these great men. Stanton had won his way to the front as an able advocate, and found himself leading counsel in an important case involving millions. He learned, a few moments before going to trial, that Lincoln had been retained, and expected to make an argument. He told me of this, and described, in wrath, the long, lank creature from Illinois, wearing a dirty linen duster for a coat, on the back of which the perspiration had splotched two wide stains that, emanating from each arm-pit, met at the center, and resembled a dirty map of a continent.

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"I said," snorted Stanton, "that if that giraffe appeared in the case I would throw up my brief and leave."

Lincoln was ruled out, and the worst part of the transaction was that he knew of the insult. Nothing has so impressed the belief I hold in the greatest of all Presidents, than this utter ignoring of a brutal affront. It was no assumption of Christian forgiveness. Lincoln could hate with an intensity known only to strong natures, and when just retribution demanded it he could punish with an iron will no appeals of pity could move. But he possessed that strange sense of power that lifted him above personal insult. In a word, he could not be insulted. In his quiet dignity he put shame on the aggressor. He illustrated this in his own humorous way, when told by a friend that Horace Greeley was abusing him in a most outrageous manner.

"That reminds me," he said, "of the big fellow whose little wife was wont to beat him over the head without resistance. When remonstrated with, the man said, 'Let her alone. It don't hurt me, and it does her a power of good.'"

I do not wonder at President Lincoln selecting Stanton to control, at the time, the most important arm of the government, but I was amazed at Stanton's acceptance.

He was wont to pass some time, almost daily, at our room in the hotel where, in the society of my dear wife, he seemed to relax from the somber reserve of busy life. It was a relaxation quite removed from the kindly, impulsive nature of early youth. There was the same sense of humor, but it was cynical, and stung as well as it amused. Some days before he entered upon his new duties I asked him in the privacy of our room if the strange report was true.

"Yes," he responded, "I am going to be Secretary of War to old Abe."

"What will you do?" I asked, meaning as to how he could reconcile his contempt of the President, and their widely dissimilar belief, with his service under him. His reply ignored my meaning.

"Do?" he said; "I intend to accomplish three things. I will make Abe Lincoln President of the United States. I will force this man McClellan to fight or throw up; and last, but not least, I will pick Lorenzo Thomas up with a pair of tongs and drop him from the nearest window."

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Strange as it is, this last and apparently easiest task, was the one he did not accomplish. Lorenzo defied him, and, as Sumner wrote Stanton, "stuck" to the last.

To appreciate the change wrought in the appointment of Mr. Stanton, one has to understand the condition of the government at the time the Hon. Simon Cameron was retired. The war, that so unexpectedly broke upon us—so unexpectedly that the government itself could not believe in its existence until the roar of Confederate artillery rung in its ears, found a people at the North not only unprepared, but in profound ignorance of all that was necessary to carry on an armed conflict. All the wars that went to make up our histories as wars are wont to do, had been fought out in skirmishes that left the government and the body of the people unenlightened as to the necessities of a great conflict, such as the rest of the world is taught and trained through experience to understand. We had, it is true, a little military school upon the Hudson, where a supposed science was supposed to be taught. Europe had been for a thousand years engaged in creating armies by building on the private. "Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves," said Benjamin Franklin, and, in the same way, the war powers over the sea cared for the common soldier, leaving it to God to create the officer. We sought to reverse the process, and having, as we fondly believed, made the officer, we felt that we possessed an army.

This delusion was roughly wiped away. Our noble graduates proved to be nothing but drill-sergeants, with no men to drill, and when elevated to the position of generals, were as helpless as the great mass of civilians who were called out to act under them. The noble West Pointers planned great campaigns and projected great battles, with no trained men to either march or fight. The volunteers, accepted from the States, elected their officers, and were, in consequence, constituents instead of privates, and these officers studied, overnight, all they attempted to practice the next day; and while the awkward drill went on, discipline, the soul and body of an army, went to pieces.

Two facts alone saved us: one was the strange adaptability of our people to any emergency, and the second, that our enemy was in as bad a condition as ourselves.

The first roar of "rebel" artillery, as it was then called, aroused our people to such extent, that the roll of the drum heard all over

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the land was the throb of a mighty impulse set to harsh music, and we developed in an instant all the good and bad of a great people. While the patriotic hurried in thousands to the front to fight, the dishonest, in almost like numbers, hastened to the rear to plunder. Looking over the field, from the War Department under Cameron, at Washington, it was difficult to determine which had control, and the direct confusion reigned through both.

The Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, proved incapable of controlling the one or organizing the other. In the field we had confusion utterly confounded, followed by shameful disasters, while, on all sides, organized dishonesty plundered at will. Congress saw from the portals of the Capitol the insolent wave of the Confederate flag, while along the heavy walls echoed the roar of as insolent an artillery. In our despair we had called McClellan from a little victory, won by Rosecrans in West Virginia, and labeling him "the young Napoleon," gave him supreme command. Popular acclamation made this youth, who had all the confidence of genius without its capacity or inspiration, President, in fact. Abraham Lincoln, ignorant of all that pertained to the art of war, magnified its importance and difficulties, as one under such circumstances will, and with the modesty so marked in him deferred patiently to those he believed better informed.

When Mr. Stanton told us that he would make Abraham Lincoln President, he did not mean that he would restore the Union, but that he would relegate the young Napoleon to his subordinate position, that of being commander. The indifference, not to say the arrogance, of our untried Napoleon, is hard to realize now. With princes and the sons of millionaires upon his staff, he assumed the airs of a dictator, and it was no uncommon circumtance to see both President and Secretary of War waiting in his ante-chamber, for leisure from mighty reviews and petty detail, for an interview with him who had no campaigns to communicate, or, if he had, declined taking the government in his confidence.

Congress in its despair set up this untried dignity in gorgeous uniform, and saw, for nearly a year, a huge army coiled like a sluggish anaconda about the capital, and learned to its dismay that the only orders from head-quarters were to "avoid bringing on a conflict," and continued congratulations that "all was quiet upon the Potomac." Exasperated beyond endurance, Con-

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gress demanded the withdrawal of Simon Cameron as a preliminary step to unhorsing our parade captain.

President Lincoln, nothing loath, complied with this, and I have reason to believe hesitated, for some days, between the appointment of the Hon. Joseph Holt and Edwin M. Stanton. Strange to say the doubt was solved by the choice of General McClellan. He preferred the man who, in the end, made life a burden to the young Napoleon, and his retirement a necessity.

"Now, gentlemen," said Secretary Stanton to the officers assembled at his first reception, "we will, if you please, have some fighting. It is my business to furnish the means, it is yours to use them. I leave the fighting to you, but the fighting we must have."

The change wrought by him, in his new capacity, was magical. Disorder and dishonesty disappeared together. The one hid itself in holes, to be hunted out and punished, with a certainty that struck terror into the souls of the thieves, while the other was driven out never to appear again. Huge armies began to move, the great arteries of supply to throb with men and material. The anaconda uncoiled its folds, and stretching out drove the Confederate flag and artillery from Munson's Hill. The roar of deadly conflict grew remote, and Richmond, in lieu of Washington, was threatened with capture. The stillness about the War Department grew ominous. Instead of quarreling contractors and clattering, epauleted officials, the telegraph ticked out its information, and deadly orders and reports of great battles, and, I am pained to write, shameful disasters which startled the land. The people felt the master hand, and waited in breathless anxiety for the returns, in victory or defeat. Men about the capital saw through the dead hours of the night the lights gleam from the windows where the tireless Secretary held, without rest, the trembling fate of the great Republic in firm hands under an iron will.

Few of us only, knew of the strain put upon one man in this hour of deadly trial. Edwin M. Stanton had been, of late years, subject to a termination of blood to the brain, and had been warned by his capable physician, that, unless he found entire quiet in abstinence from all excitement, he might die at any moment. Regardless of these warnings, he threw himself into the great work, fully aware of the danger before him. Nevertheless, Death sat at his board, slept in his bed, and through the long watches of those

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fearful nights the grim phantom glared upon him, ready at any moment to strike. It was, after all, only a furlough he received from the enemy. God seemed to ordain that he should be spared until his mighty task was ended, and then the pale messenger accompanied him home, tenderly to inscribe upon his monument—"To this man, more than to any other man save one, the great Republic owes its life."

This disorder, added to his mental strain, overwhelmed the great Secretary's nervous system, and not only deepened the gloomy spells to which he was addicted, but made him so irritable and impatient that official business with subordinates got to be insult. He was approached by all about him in fear and trembling. And the same ugliness seemed to be contagious. The officer coming from his presence, wounded to the quick, gave to others under him the same treatment.

I remember one morning trying to gain admittance to the Department in advance of the hour at which the place was open to the world. A sentry arrested my entrance at the door. In vain I pleaded an engagement with the Secretary, and asked for a corporal or sergeant to carry in my card. The stupid fellow gave me no comfort. While parleying with him Mr. Seward came up, and the guard dropped his musket brutally across the way of the Secretary of State. Before our great diplomat could make himself known, I said:

"This is the Secretary of State, my man, and you had better be polite."

The guard brought his musket instantly to a present, and Mr. Seward passed in.

"I say, Mr. Secretary," I cried to him, "as I got you admitted, common politeness dictates that you return the favor."

"Young man," responded the Secretary, looking over his shoulder, "the politeness of this Department is not common," and passed on.

A subordinate, to deal comfortably with the War Secretary, had to be a mere cipher, so dictatorial and despotic was he. I remember when summoned before him as Judge Advocate of the commission called to investigate the conduct of General Don Carlos Buell in Tennessee, I ventured to say:

"This is all very well, Mr. Secretary, but I'd like to know where you find a law to sanction such a court as this."

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"My noble captain," replied the Secretary, his short upper lip slightly curling, and with the gleam of his white teeth and dark eyes making an expression anything but comfortable, "you are commissioned to obey orders and not to study law, for it is rather late in life for you to begin that. When I need a legal adviser it is not likely I will call on Judge Piatt. If I am to be met here with the quibble of a county-court lawyer I will find some other officer."

The sarcasm stung, for I had been placed on the bench at the age of twenty-five, as Salmon P. Chase said, that I might have an opportunity to learn something of my profession. However, I hid the hurt, and said:

"All right; but I would suggest that this is no ordinary inquiry, and a court should be made up of the ablest officers."

"That is true," responded the Secretary. "You go to the list of officers not on duty, and I will appoint from them."

I did as directed, and the next day sought the Secretary with the list of officers in my hand. I met him on the street going to his office, that had been removed to Winder's Building to enable the government to enlarge the old structure. I turned and walked with him, telling him what I had done. He was in a terrible mood, and neither looked at nor spoke to me. At the door of his office the messenger threw it open and the Secretary stalking in banged it to in my face. This wooden insult sent a flush to my face. Turning, I saw General Fremont, who had witnessed the affront, and while talking to this remarkable man the messenger came from the Secretary's room and, after looking about in a scared manner, asked me if I was "Captain Piety."

"All but the piety," I replied.

"Well, I guess you're the man," he said. "The Secretary wants you."

I went in. Stanton was seated alone at the end of his table. Looking up, he exclaimed:

"Don, what in the —— do you want?"

"Nothing, sir; not even civil treatment. You directed me to make out a list of officers to compose the Buell court. I have done so, and only came to report the names."

"Take them to Halleck; that is his business," roared the Secretary. "I can't run the War Department, let alone trying to run Halleck. Go to him."

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"Mr. Secretary," I said quietly, "I don't mind being jumped on by you any more than if it were my elder brother, but I won't be insulted by General Halleck, as you know I will be if I go as you direct."

"Insulted?" he exclaimed angrily. "I'll see to that. Here, take him this," and he hastily wrote a note.

I did as ordered. I appeared before the great Art of War, whose appearance reminded me of two lines in an old ballad which says:

> "His head being larger than common
> O'erbalanced the rest of his fat."

He read the note I handed him, then, tearing it in two, dropped it in the waste-basket, saying, with all the sarcasm his dull face was capable of—

"What is your address, captain?"

I gave it to him, and then, rising from his chair, he bowed mockingly, and added, "When I need your assistance, I shall certainly send for you, *captain*."

The sarcasm of this was so well done that it raised the dull, epauleted creature in my estimation far above what his stupid book had done. I retired as gracefully as I could, and reported the affair to Stanton.

"Damn his insolence! Why didn't you pull his nose?"

"Because the insult was directed at you," I answered. "I was only the poor devil of a captain assigned to the duty of carrying it. I wish to God I was out of this."

My perplexity amused the Secretary. He burst into a laugh, and said, "Oh, never mind Halleck; he can't insult any one. Take the court he gives you, and do the best you can," and, seeing that I was deeply hurt, he put his arm about my shoulders, in his old caressing way, and added, "and don't mind me, we are both hasty. This is an important business I give you, and I know I can trust you."

I did my best, and while on the subject may as well give the end. The records of that tedious court, so-called, were voluminous. I conveyed them, as duly bound, to the War Department. Mr. Stanton examined me at length as to what had been proven, and I saw an expression very like heat lightning flash over his face when I told him that a certain pet of his had suffered severely.

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After the death of the Secretary it was discovered that the entire record had disappeared.

I have my own opinion as to the cause of that disappearance, but it is only an opinion, and I do not care to state it. Fortunately or unfortunately, the accomplished stenographer employed by the commission, Benn Pittman, had yet the original short-hand notes, and restored the awful volume of unmitigated rot.

DON PIATT.

(To be concluded.)

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SHIP-BUILDING *VERSUS* SHIP-OWNING.

By Act of Congress, July 5, 1884, a Bureau of Navigation was established for the "General Superintendence of the Commercial Marine and Merchant Seamen of the Country." A commissioner was appointed "to superintend the Bureau, and to make annual reports of statistics and results." In the second report, recently issued, we find an abundance of statistics and no results.

No figures were needed to prove that the American commercial marine had been annihilated. A simple 0 might supply the place of the columns which Captain Patten has so industriously collated. We only desired to learn what good has been or is likely to be accomplished by this Bureau or by any other act of congressional legislation, thus far, in restoring the mercantile marine to any degree of its former prestige and success.

Let us see how far the suggestions of the Commissioner tend in that direction. These are indicated by the conclusion of his report with an essay on wooden ship-building, the object of which is to demonstrate that all the world, excepting the author, is mistaken in its estimate of the value of iron and steel in the construction of vessels. We look over the other pages and are relieved when we do not find that a return to the model of the Ark is anywhere advocated. Captain Patten's elaborate tables are worse than useless, for they are incorrect and misleading. It is not true that, between the periods of 1835 and 1855, American ships, by which of course we should understand good American ships, could be built at prices varying from $40 to $50 per ton. In the days before Bath established a reputation for building ships equal to those of New York, Medford, East Boston, Newburyport and Portsmouth, "down-East" vessels, built of soft wood, were not looked upon with favor by ship-owners, sailors or underwriters. They were cheap, and yet not cheap at any price; whereas, the A 1 ships, first mentioned, readily commanded $60 or $65 per ton.

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On the other hand, the Commissioner has estimated the cost of British wooden ships of that period at a figure too high. He appears to have taken the Thames prices, and not those of Greenock or Aberdeen. Thus is instanced the error of some political economists in their comparisons of British and American labor. Labor frequently differs more in price in different parts of Great Britain and in different parts of the United States than when the averages of the two countries are contrasted.

These strictures upon the comparative cost of wooden vessels in former days may seem hypercritical, but they have a most important bearing upon the main question. They furnish the nucleus of the argument for free ships for which Captain Patten's report throughout shall serve as a text.

Owing to the cheapness of material in this country, offsetting the higher cost of labor which has always prevailed here independently of tariff or free trade, and owing to the costliness of timber necessarily imported by Great Britain offsetting the lower cost of labor which, independently of tariff or free trade, must always prevail in regions thickly settled, it so happened that first-class sailing ships at that time could be built at about the same price in both countries. So long as these conditions continued, it was a matter of no consequence to either nation if its restrictive navigation laws should be retained or not. The sailing ships on both sides were competing on equal terms. Neither asked for bounty, subsidy or "fostering" of any kind. But, in the latter part of the period under consideration, when it became somewhat less expensive to build ships in the United States than in Great Britain, English ship-owners suffered in consequence. They appealed to their government for aid, and it was accorded them, despite the howls of ship-builders throughout the kingdom, as, in the days of Sir Robert Peel, the whole people cried out for bread and the landed interest opposed their cry in vain. In both cases the boon sought for was the same. Parliament dared what Congress dared not do—to talk of freedom, and to grant it. England obtained free bread and free ships. An American policy would have suggested a subsidy to bakers and a subsidy to ship-builders. What would have resulted to England had not her navigation laws been repealed in 1849, and had not iron ship-building been invented? Simply this: England would have been in the exact predicament in which we now find ourselves and America would have been what England is, the mistress of the seas.

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It was better policy for England, in 1849, to buy our ships than for America to sell them, as, in 1886, whatever British ship-builders might gain by selling ships to Americans would be balanced more than a hundredfold by the benefits that would accrue to America from the purchase.

Next in order, our attention is called to this very correct statement on page 51 of the report :

"The chairman of the London Chamber of Shipping lately remarked, 'We have 1,000,000 tons too much shipping in Great Britain, and until something like that quantity of tonnage is absorbed, profitable times cannot be expected to return to the merchant marine.'"

This shall receive due consideration when we come to another matter with which it is intimately connected.

On page 62 we read :

"Our remarkable success on the sea (up to 1860) was doubtless due in a great measure to the fostering care of the government as well as to the maritime spirit that pervaded commercial society."

What was the nature of this "fostering care"? Did a subsidy to the Collins, Havre, and Bremen steamship lines tend to foster the sailing-ship interest or the interests of independent steamships? On the same page, after a satisfactory explanation of the difference in cost of iron sailing ships in this country, as compared with Great Britain, we have this repetition of what Mr. David A. Wells has so aptly termed "the historic lie":

"Besides, we (the American ship-owners) have to compete with a subsidized commerce, for no country has been more lavish of the public funds than Great Britain in building up a mercantile marine and thereby increasing foreign trade."

This is a favorite argument of Mr. John Roach when he desires to obtain a subsidy for his own ships to run in competition with other ships not having subsidies, but it was not to be expected from an officer of the government, who should have no excuse for such a perversion of fact. The only subsidy of importance granted by England to sailing ships was conferred upon an Australian line in 1850, and that line was chiefly composed of American-built clippers, purchased immediately after the repeal of her navigation laws. Will this be cited as an example of England's "fostering her own ship-building"? It would be impossible to point out a single instance in which England ever made it a condition of

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subsidy that either steamers or sailing ships should be built at home, or that it was intimated in any way that the purpose of subsidy was to "foster" domestic ship-building.

Mail subsidy is not only entirely apart from the ship-building industry, but it is a detriment to general ship-owning. Can anybody imagine that the few subsidized steamships, running between Liverpool and New York, are of any benefit to the independent steamships in the same trade?

Fortunately, the number of the subsidized is so small that the injury done to the independent ships is not appreciable, but, supposing that one-half the fleet was subsidized, what chance would there be for the remainder?

We now come to "the depression in the freighting business of the world," which, it is asserted with truth, has produced financial troubles in the old world as well as here. And yet, on the very next page, our Commissioner comes forward as an advocate of the men who are asking for a bounty to enable them to build more ships, when the world is already so overstocked that the freighting business cannot become profitable until the acknowledged surplus of 1,000,000 tons is disposed of by shipwreck or by time!

For thirty years I have steadily advocated the policy of free ships. Long before the civil war, to which has been so falsely charged the decline of American shipping, it was not difficult to foresee what would be the lamentable result of our system of prohibition. It is with the melancholy satisfaction of the "I told you so" prophet, that I quote from my correspondence with the New York Journal of Commerce. in 1857, reproducing this extract from one of those letters:

"England is able to construct this class of vessels (iron screw steamships) more economically than we can. She must, therefore, have the monopoly of building them. Her monopoly in this respect we cannot prevent, but it depends on ourselves and on our government whether she shall have the *monopoly of sailing them.* The only way in which we can participate in ocean steam navigation is by adopting a system of reciprocity with England, so changing our laws that we may buy her steamships, as she now buys our sailing vessels, because she finds it for her interest to do so."

If this object could then have been accomplished, our shipping interests to-day would have equaled those of England, and I believe that, as it has resulted in Germany where iron ship-owning commenced before iron ship-building, our ships would by this time have generally been built at home.

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Mr. A. Foster Higgins, author of the late report from the New York Chamber of Commerce, a most pronounced protectionist and advocate of subsidies, makes this candid admission, although he qualifies it with error:

"It may be possible for American merchants to own and run foreign built vessels with foreign crews and largely regain portions of our foreign carrying trade, without necessarily aiding in the least degree to re-establishing ship-building in the United States."

It by no means follows that, because the vessels are foreign built, the crews would be more foreign than if the vessels were built at home. In either case, it is alike certain that the captains and officers would be Americans, and what is most important of all, as is admitted, we might "largely regain portions of our foreign carrying trade." The example of Germany, just cited, indicates that such a measure would tend far more to re-establish domestic ship-building than to prevent it. It certainly could do our ship-building for the foreign carrying trade no injury, since it is conceded on all hands that ship-building for this purpose no longer exists. Mr. Higgins is quoted because he is the mouth-piece of subsidy men, and because his report and that of the Commissioner are in the same line of argument. They both seem to think that ship *building* is the prime necessity, without which any attempts to restore ship *owning* are not to be for a moment considered. That has been the great mistake of all congressional legislation, or rather of congressional obstruction, from the report of Mr. Lynch's committee, in 1870, down to the present day. From that time to this, we have persistently protected foreigners in earning freight money, of which, during that period, we have paid to them the enormous sum of $1,800,000,000. A large part of this money might have gone into the pockets of our own ship-owners, but it has been withheld from them, merely because, from whatever reason, tariff, want of enterprising competition or what else it matters not, our ship-builders could not, would not, at any rate did not build ships as good in quality and as low in cost as the ships that we could have bought.

As we might have participated in the past profits of the business, we should of course have had our share of the ups and downs of all trade, and should have been partakers of the present depression, which certainly does not hold out a favorable inducement for the whole country to contribute money to enable ship-builders to build ships that just now are not needed. But, taking one

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time with another, provided we had been permitted to own ships, judging from what happened when we did own them on equal terms of cost, reasoning from experience and recollections of American ship-owners, officers, and seamen, it cannot be doubted that we should have carried away our full share of the profits, and would have sustained as little loss as any other people engaged in the business have suffered.

Thus far the question has been considered mainly as one of dollars and cents. Beyond that, there is a patriotic sentimentalism with which the American sailor regards his flag. He does not even care if the bunting of which his flag is made was woven in General Butler's mill, or if it was imported from England. He cares nothing about the nationality of the men who spiked down the planks on which he treads, nor does he care on which side of the Atlantic their work was done, provided that they did it well.

But it is his business and his pride to carry that flag around the world. In peace, it is his protection as he pursues the paths of commercial gain, and, in war, it is the inspiration of his soul. The Commissioner, who has been a sailor himself, forgets all this, and thinks only of "protecting" the American carpenter and iron worker. He holds their trade in higher estimation than a navy, which, to use his favorite expression, might be "fostered" for use in war by simply permitting a merchant marine to foster itself in time of peace, without any expense to the government of bounties, subsidies or any such beggarly expedient, emanating from a system of protection which robs the American sailor of his manliness and his liberty.

This vicious system of protecting ship-builders who build no ships has not only deprived ship-owners of the opportunity for honest gain, driven sailors ashore for want of employment, and strangled the nursery of our navy, but, according to another forced admission from Mr. Higgins, it greatly prolonged the civil war at the cost of untold treasure and a loss of human life that is beyond estimate.

"Had she (the United States) possessed in the beginning of the war an efficient navy, no one can doubt but that the war would have been shortened and the expenses lessened by at least *one-third* of what it cost."

We find one word in italics. It should all be italicized. An efficient navy and efficient transport service was denied us because it was necessary to protect the "home industry" of domestic ship

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carpenters. We might have purchased as many first-class iron steamships as were needed for blockaders and transports; we might have owned them before the war broke out; but, even when the dire necessity was upon us, the barbarous navigation laws stood in the way; for, when peace and humanity knelt begging in the halls of the nation for their repeal, Congress would not listen even to save the nation's life.

So, we were forced to make men-of-war out of our old wooden tubs, and when the supply of coasting steamers was exhausted, we actually took North River barges and canal boats, fitted them with boilers and engines, and put our soldiers on board of them to brave the storms of Hatteras. Too many of them, alas, never reached their destination, and, if the depths along the coast could be explored, there would be found, at no long intervals, these coffins of protection encasing our patriotic dead.

And yet the Commissioner and Mr. Higgins think that the men who have robbed the ship-owner of his business, the sailor of his employment and the nation of its life-blood, are those and those only who need continued and additional "protection"!

Of what use is the "relief" the Dingley bill affords, its abolition of consular fees, hospital dues and other infinitesimal charges upon ships, when we cannot own the ships? What do they all amount to in comparison with the cost of thirty per cent. against us in the ship itself? Relief? It is like throwing overboard a few shingles and leaving the cargo of iron in the hold, when the ship is ashore.

In everything but the ownership of vessels, we are now on equal terms with Englishmen. What the ship-builder has a right to demand is free material for all that enters into the construction of ships, and what the ship-owner needs is free ships. Then the American ship-builder will be brought into fair competition with the foreigner of the same occupation, and the American ship-owner will contend on equal terms with his transatlantic rival.

If our ship-builders succeed under these conditions it will be gratifying to us all and particularly to those who think them most worthy of consideration; but, with or without their immediate success, ship-owners and sailors will start again to life, and if, in industry, perseverance and intelligence they do not regain their ancient prestige on the seas, it will be because they are the degenerate sons of worthy sires—and that we will not believe.

JOHN CODMAN.

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THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST.

ABOUT once a year, for a number of years, I have listened to a cry for the coming of the American dramatist—as if he had not only no existence, but had never existed; when the fact is that the American dramatist has already made a very respectable showing, and continues periodically to make his existence felt. We have had a national drama almost from the time that we commenced to have a national existence—although a chapter upon the American *historical* drama might be made as brief as the famous chapter on Iceland snakes. There once existed an ambition in that direction among playwrights, and a taste among playgoers for it; but both have died out; although "Putnam, or the Iron Son of '76" and "Marion, or the Swamp Angel," with others of that kind, were favorites as recently as a quarter of a century ago, particularly about the Fourth of July, Evacuation Day, etc. A peculiarity of this class of national drama was that it necessitated the keeping in stock, at all regular theaters, of an actor who could make up as the "Father of his Country" and appear in tableaux, or the inevitable red-fire apotheosis. But that sort of American drama went out with the pit boys and the volunteer fire department, and its place has not been filled. In remote rural districts the appetite for it still lingers, and is satisfied by one or more traveling companies remotely connected with some Grand Army Post, which give romantic melodramas "founded upon incidents of the late war." The banishment of the native historical drama from the cities is easily accounted for. Such a play is nothing without extravagant patriotic sentiment, and the controlling taste at the present day is against sentiment in most forms, patriotism in that form, and extravagance in any form.

To prove that we have had our Native Dramatist during our whole national existence, it is not necessary to go over all the

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minor playwrights whose names would be wholly unfamiliar to playgoers of to-day. Willis's "Tortesa the Usurer" may be entirely forgotten, but Howard Payne's tragedy of "Brutus" and his comedy of "Charles the Second" are favorite revivals to-day in England as well as in this country. George Miles's "De Soto" and "Señor Valiente" may be unremembered; but Boker's "Francesca da Rimini" and "Betrothal" are still on the list of acted dramas. Bird's "Gladiator" is as well known as Edwin Forrest, though his "Broker of Bogota" is less often seen, good play though it be. Conrad's "Jack Cade" and Stone's "Metamora" occasionally emerge from retirement, and, when the prevailing demand for a lighter spirit in the play wears away—as all fashions do change—there are plays by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Mowatt and other native dramatists, which will bear taking down from the prompter's shelf, and dusting off, and redressing for the stage.

These were native dramatists of the generations that are past; the present sees a multitude of clever writers whose ambition has not led them, always, to do better than write to order for "stars;" but the authors of "Saratoga" and "Young Mrs. Winthrop," of "Conscience" and "Esmeralda," of "Victor Durand" and "The Twins," of "The False Friend" and "Our First Families," of "The Mighty Dollar" and "My Partner," and others, might be enumerated if there were any reasons for making a show of numbers; while, among writers who are not Americans, but who have contributed toward the building up of our native drama, are to be named—Boucicault, whose "Octoroon" and "Rip Van Winkle" and "Belle Lamar" are genuinely American, and Brougham, with his thoroughly national burlesques of "Pocahontas" and "Columbus," both too good to be so infrequently acted.

If we were to put the question to the Librarian of Congress, with whom the titles of new plays are lodged, as to his opinion of the prospects of the national drama, he would tell us that, so far as the growth of native playwrights is concerned, they were never more hopeful; he would assure us that the drama must be indigenous, for unfailing crops of it spring up in all parts of the country. Most of the seed, however, falls on very stony managerial ground, and much of the growth is choked by foreign plants. What is to be regretted is, that so few American authors of distinction are willing to try their fortunes in this field; and what is most to be

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deplored is, that the few who are willing are not disposed to pursue a plan of collaboration, which alone assures success to beginners. By this plan or system the writer of clever dialogue assists the inventor of interesting plot and of striking incident and character; or writers of equal invention and wit assist each other in that fuller development of the possibilities of plot or situation which one mind alone is commonly unable to accomplish; or, and this is most important, if not indispensable, dramatists of unquestioned experience help to shape for the stage the productions of play-writers of little or no experience.

To this system of collaboration we may ascribe the perfection existing abroad in the art of dramatic composition. There are few foreign dramatists of to-day who did not commence writing in literary partnership with some congenial spirit. Everything gains by the friendly emulation: the wit of the lines, the plausibility of the story and the wealth of the incident. It is easy, of course, to point out dramatic authors abroad who, unaided, produce marvelous dramatic works; but I do not hesitate to say that they have all had a helper at the start, whose name may not appear on their title-pages, but whose work is quite evident to the practiced eye. And, where this help may have been disdained, its absence is also discernible. The general fault of dramatists is, that the last strokes of the brush are negligent, or the pace is not kept up to the end. The particular fault is, that the solitary writer has a hobby or wastes his efforts in attempts to illustrate phases of life and character which have no general interest. Most clever men have veins of conceit that mar their fine work, or they pursue a weak idea to the verge of absurdity. How effectually the clear, common sense of a friendly co-laborer, who has no weakness for your weakness, would cut out all that! Of course, you have your revenge upon his puerilities and vagaries: that is the advantage of joint work.

Unless a man be born with a genius for dramatic writing—that is to say, with the art of conveying his whole idea by the *action* of his characters and the language natural to such action, and be a born stage-manager or actor also, he cannot, by unaided effort, produce, at first, a tolerable play. This being the case, our novelists or magazine workers, who feel tempted to write for the stage, might approach the question of remuneration with less confidence than they would feel in offering a new novel to a publisher. The risks

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of publishers and managers bear no decent proportion to each other. If a publisher risks five hundred dollars, in putting forth a new book, a manager risks ten thousand dollars in producing a new play, for there is involved, not only the cost of getting up scenery, costumes, and furnishings for the new piece, but the loss (in case of failure) on the running expenses of rent, salaries, etc., before he can replace the doomed play by another; and these seldom fall short (in a first-class theater) of four thousand dollars a week. I touch upon this point because I believe we shall not have a flourishing growth of the native drama until all the best native writers make an attempt at dramatic cultivation, and make it with so much sincerity that they will take advice as to planting the seed, training the shoots, and, above all, will wait for the fruit to ripen before they pluck it.

Possibly our national drama, from a literary point of view, will reach its best period when native writers vie with each other in illustrating native character and contemporaneous fashions and follies. It does not seem easy to get our best playwriters to practice in this field of exertion. In selecting plots and characters they have a decided bias, acquired from reading the masterpieces of modern fiction—these being mostly foreign: and so, haughty nobles and baseborn and penniless, but proud suitors, and irresistible colonels or delightfully witty majors or captains, give color and brilliancy to their pictures and furnish high tints at cheap rates. Foreign wars of conquest enable the Claude Melnottes to wipe away the stain of dishonor and come back with glory and unexplained cash; princes, and their assumed powers, are perilously convenient for cutting the Gordian knot into which the dramatist generally contrives to tie himself by the end of the fourth act; ancient nobility furnishes the thousand themes for the Vere de Vere dramas or the village maiden and elopement episodes; and so on. All this must be given up, of course, when the native dramatist closes his wistful eyes upon the Old World and opens them upon the New. But why not give a picture of the new aping the old? Some attempts have been made to combine the old and the new in one picture—for instance, by placing the scene in a foreign country, among the very bluest-blooded grandees, and then precipitating a wild, whooping American girl upon them to amaze and bewilder the foolish foreigners. But is there any real necessity for laying such a scene in a foreign country? Any respectable New

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York, or Boston, or Philadelphia family, would be equally amazed and distressed by the behavior of such a girl. There is one sacrifice in giving up the old world and its works which our native dramatists find it hard to make—and that is the duel! The fascination and breathless interest that cling to the combat seem to be irresistible. The duel dies very hard out of the native drama. But, then, you may have an affair of honor without fighting, for that is quite customary among our best young bloods, I believe; though it would require a master dramatist to excite serious interest with such an episode. Of course our stage is occupied with innumerable plays purporting to afford studies of native character—such as "Solon Shingle," "Davy Crockett," "Colonel Sellers," "Gilflory," and so forth, but these are mere outlines of plays that might be written. They have no literary value and serve no purpose in the structure of the national drama, because they perish with the actor who has given them substance. There is no way to perpetuate the convulsive effects of the "gags," or impromptus of the comic star. The dramatist who is coming will undoubtedly do better. He is, perhaps, coming up as a boy now, taking in his sustenance from the drama of to-day, sitting in his gallery seat and sending his tap roots down into the modern stage for what is best to feed his growth. He is not to be despised, that silent, observant, brooding boy sitting in the gallery, be he native or naturalized.

The future American dramatist must belong to one of the classes enumerated above, and cannot altogether differ from all who have gone before him. What will be his work? Shall he embody, in a series of historical dramas, our national events, or satirize, in comedy, our native foibles, or work into dramatic shape the sensational narratives of our daily papers and call it a picture of American life? All this has been done. Perhaps the new man is to do it better. But our national drama will be established without restriction as to subject or plot. The coming dramatist will be indifferent on that score. His fancy will roam, at its own sweet will, for song or story to crystallize into dramatic form. Neither Shakspere nor any of his contemporaries, nor Corneille nor Racine, nor Schiller nor Goethe made the national drama of their native lands by the delineation of national character only. Originality of plot and incident seem, by the common consent of the highest dramatic censors in every age, to count for nothing in the estimate of literary pretensions. Molière deemed all obligations for borrowed ma-

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terial to be discharged by the mere admission of them: "What was good I took, whenever I found it; be satisfied that I acknowledge it." We must not exact of American dramatists more than has been demanded of its dramatists by any country. They have been permitted to draw their themes and their characters from foreign sources; their praise was for doing their work well, and vindicating the claims of the national literature by their genius. Boker might have idealized the Kentucky tragedy instead of the Rimini drama, and Bird might have made his Spartacus an Indian chief—but our national theater has lost nothing by their omission. The present masterpieces of the stage, in every tongue, are pictures of the passions of mankind in general, rather than attempts at national portrait painting; and nothing in modern times seems to belong to the latter class except a thoroughly bad modern French drama; and even this, I hope and suspect, to be an overdrawn and distorted picture.

As the prospects of the American drama depend largely upon the first efforts of the coming American dramatists, the press may be said to be the arbiter of its destinies. Let it pause, therefore, before assuming the rôle of Herod, in ordering a new slaughter of the innocents. Those first attempts may, and probably will be, partial failures, notwithstanding the efforts of actors and managers. The writings of new men in any field, and of the best of writers in a new field, are like new brands of wine: the first taste seems strange and nearly always repellent. It is the privilege of the experts of the press, who recognize the merit that lies in freshness of style, and boldness in laudable attempt, to make the public and the author better acquainted. The disposition to do this is more common now than it once was. It took a strong constitution to survive the attacks on a new play by a new man some years ago. But nearly all the best-known dramatists have had to submit to the Donnybrook reception given to new heads, and have had to nurse the wounds of failure in silence. Sardou was scarred like a veteran of defeat long before he made his first hit. So were Bulwer and Knowles. Gilbert had many a fall before he learned to keep his feet, and Tom Robertson's history was a similar one.

There is a cheering prospect for the American drama, as far as the actors and the theaters are concerned. The American stage to-day possesses native born or thoroughly naturalized artists, who have no superiors in their respective lines. The tragic, the comic,

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the eccentric, the delineator of the easy, well-bred man or woman of society and of every other grade of life, are now to the manner born. Not many years ago the companies that acted in our theaters were largely English. Here and there twinkled an American "star," but the firmament was studded with foreign constellations. The development of the histrionic talent in the United States augurs well for the future dramatic literature. So many clever men and women must not only produce but must inspire genius in that direction. It would take a page to mention even the more prominent among our native actors and actresses who are capable of giving to the ideal of the dramatist breath and motion. We are richer, perhaps, in comedy than tragedy, but the comic power is so closely allied to deep feeling and ready sympathy that there are few of our artists who cannot call forth a tear as readily as a smile.

But the brightest prospect of the American drama is found in the present position of the theater in this country, with reference to the social world. Our advance in that direction is almost incalculable. The best portion of the community has taken possession of the theater, as it ought to take possession of all public amusements, and has made it its own. The purification of the temple of the drama has been so thoroughly effected that the worthiest people find it worthy of their affectionate regard. From the topmost gallery down, respectability reigns. The "third tier" and the pit of thirty years ago, with their bars and their loungers, have disappeared. There is no attraction for the vicious. The constant patrons of the drama belong to the class of people who are strictest in the performance of every duty, moral and social. I overheard the following colloquy, lately, between two gentlemen of gravity and respectability :

First Gentleman : I used to be very fond of the theater, but I have not been inside of one for twenty-five years.

Second Gentleman : Indeed ! Why ?

First Gentleman : Not because of the drama itself, but I fear the associations—the people my sons and daughters would have to meet there.

Second Gentleman : Pardon the remark, but you speak exactly like a person who has not been inside a theater for twenty-five years.

First Gentleman : How so ?

Second Gentleman : If your sons and daughters went to the

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theater *now*, the people they would meet would be my sons and daughters and those of your friends, with their parents and grandparents.

In fact, those who now rail against the theater, on the ground of its associations, attack, not the players but their patrons—the best classes of the community. If plays are found which have no elevating influence, or exhibitions of a demoralizing tendency, the drama is not to be condemned for that, any more than the press is to be condemned because there are foolish books printed.

To sum up, I should say the prospects of our national drama are bright, because: 1st, our theaters, as places of resort, are wholesome, and are controlled by the best classes; 2d, the development of dramatic capability and power in the art of acting is marked and increasing in Americans; 3d, our native authors are numerous and industrious, wanting but the resolution and perseverance of American writers in other departments to systematically help the native drama and not leave its development too much to chance; 4th, the standard of the best management is high except where theaters are managed purely as commercial speculations. Even the latter would be well enough if the commercial instinct were present as in other business undertakings, and required the employment of a competent artistic head.

AUGUSTIN DALY.

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STATESMANSHIP OLD AND NEW.

PROFESSOR SUMNER, of Yale College, has published a little book called "Protectionism, the -ism which teaches that waste makes wealth." Whether one be or be not interested in the question of free trade, he cannot fail to be entertained by a method of discussion at once unique and summary. The world, even in our young country, has grown rather old. The great problems, whose slow solution has been attended with anguish and blood in past ages and other nations, press now upon us. We question, we weigh, we advance tentatively, we claim cautiously. But in the flap of a side tent is a sudden flutter, and Professor Sumner vaults into the arena, lithe, light-clad, light-hearted, with an adorable self-confidence. He leaps to the spring-boards, he is thrice heels over head in the air, he runs up all the elephants, four high, on a tub, he tosses aloft six balls with his hands while spinning on six more with his toes, he dances a hornpipe on the tight-rope, he hangs by his knees to the trapeze, he is whirling around the ring on a parti-colored pony, sitting *à la* Turk, with folded arms, riding backward, he springs on one foot and takes every hoop—there is a crackle of torn paper, a leap, a pirouette, a bow, and he is gone. Elephants, tubs, tent and saw-dust disappear. The world again is work-a-day and commonplace. Something indescribably agile—the eternal childhood of absolute faith—has gone out of it, and we turn once more to the same old grapple with the same old problems. Ah! if they only *could* be disposed of in this blithe Sumner fashion!

Yet Professor Sumner did not mean to perform. He deliberately meant not to perform, and the decision was made not without sacrifice. Protection seemed to him deserving "only contempt and scorn, satire and ridicule." The stupid protectionists, the knave protectionists, the humbug protectionists—his bones fairly ached to lash them around the ring. "I confess," he says, "that it cost me something to leave their cases out of account, but to deal with them would have been a work of entertainment, not of utility." Thus

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firmly resolving not to be as funny as he could, with one longing glance at the animals, he betook himself to "the intelligent voters of all degrees of general culture who need to have it explained to them what protection is and how it works," and made his self-denying because "patient and serious exposition of it." Too much gratitude cannot be cherished for this perseverance of the saints, but the profoundest gratitude cannot prevent the silent reflection: If this is Professor Sumner's school of philosophy, what *would* his circus be?

His main strategic position in this "patient and serious" contest is so impregnable that if he had firmly maintained it we should have been saved the whole battle. It is, that the statesmen of the eighteenth century, and most of the statesmen of the nineteenth century, did not understand their business. In fact, swooping down in ever-narrowing circles, he tells us that the real statesmen "have *not yet* come forward in *any great number*." Why this untimely modesty? Why not say frankly, "There is but one—and Yale College has clutched him?" Certainly all will admit that this masterly annihilation of statesmen, this merciless massacre of the innocents, gives an immense advantage to the tutor of "intelligent voters of all degrees of general culture," and most especially in explaining to them "what protection is and how it works." For these eighteenth and nineteenth century statesmen have always been greatly in the way. Whoever had any comfortable little theories of his own to propound has been liable to run up hard against Washington, or Hamilton, or Jefferson, in the one century, and Clay and Jackson and Webster in the other, and the bumped head and the black eye were almost sure to fall to the theorist. In ridding us of these obstructive statesmen with one stroke of his pen, Professor Sumner performs a feat to which climbing atop of four elephants on a tub is but child's play. We can now start a theory in any direction, with nothing to do but stand aside and see it spin. Professor Sumner says he has "pushed the controversy just as hard as he could," and "must forego the hope that he has given any more pleasure now than formerly to the advocates of protectionism." The advocates of protectionism must be difficult to please, if they demand any harder pushing than this Sullivan feat of hustling the combined statesmen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries off the decks into the deep sea. If a protectionist cannot find all the pleasure his nature

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requires in seeing Professor Sumner shoulder up against the Father of his Country, double his fist at the Framer of the Constitution, lunge, head downward, against the Tamer of the Lightning, and, one by one, tumble them all over the railing to sink beneath the waves fast by their native shore, till he stands, Casabianca-like, on the deck whence all but him have fled or fallen—why, there is nothing for the protectionist to do but start in search of a world which offers more humorous situations than this!

Let us devote a few moments to an observation of the process of pushing.

"The statesmen of the eighteenth century supposed that their business was the art of national prosperity"—but here at the outset the intelligent voter who needs to have it all explained to him rubs his eyes and asks, "Is not that the business of the statesman? Is not that precisely what the statesman is for, to increase the national prosperity?"

But while the intelligent voter is slowly stammering out his question the agile Professor has skipped to the balls.

"Their procedure was to form ideals and evolve dogmas. Their ideals of political greatness contained a brilliant court, a refined and elegant aristocracy, a powerful army and navy, a peaceful, obedient and hard-working peasantry."

"But," again gasps the intelligent voter, of whatever degree of general culture, "peasantry—courts—if that was the ideal of the eighteenth century, surely it was the eighteenth century also which broke that ideal in pieces. It was the eighteenth century which founded a nation whose ideal not only, but whose foundation-stone, was that there should be no court, no formal aristocracy, no standing army, and no peasantry; but that there should be equality before the law and that all government should reside in the consent of the governed."

But now the merry Professor is swinging high up over the heads of the audience, and gives no sign of hearing.

"Having as yet no definite notion, based on facts of observation and experience, of what a human society or a nation is . . ."

—If the statesmen of the eighteenth, and most of those of the nineteenth, century had no definite notion of what a nation is, we need not trouble ourselves to consider such notions as they did have—further than to recall the careless-tongued American who replied to the irate Englishman's long diatribe proving that Na-

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poleon was not a great soldier, "Well, you can't deny that he cut a ———of a swell in Europe for twenty years!" The eighteenth century statesmen may have had no idea of a nation, but they did knock together a Yankee notion that, first and last, has cut about as much of a swell in the world as if it had been a real nation. Professor Sumner affirms that this old, foolish eighteenth-and-nineteenth-century-statesman way of producing a state "is a satire on human foresight and on what we call common sense. Such a state is like a house of cards, ready to fall at a breath, to be credited at most with naïve hope and silly confidence;" but—behold the United States of America!

The Great Republic may be ready to fall at a breath; but the breath is yet to be furnished. Certainly it is not the hot breath of cannon, for that it has felt and never wavered. Nor is it Professor Sumner's breath, which also has been lavished with untiring prodigality and will doubtless blast

"from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more,"

without apparently in the least affecting the trade winds of crops or commerce. The eighteenth century statesmen may have had "no definite notion, based on facts of observation and experience, of what a human society or a nation is," but all the superiority for observation which Professor Sumner enjoys over them he owes to them. They had all the nations to observe which he has, with the single exception of the new nation that they founded and furnished for him to look at and live in. Their undefined notion has given Professor Sumner a firm foot-hold all his life, and is the home of a family of fifty-five millions of human beings—but where is the house that Jack built?

The national hope may have been naïve, and the confidence silly, but when a Professor of Political and Social Science looks at any state whatever that has stood the shock of foreign war and of the severest civil commotion the world has ever seen, and stands to-day fifty times stronger than it was when it started—proudly the peer of any nation on the globe—and calls it a house of cards ready to fall at a breath, that Professor does not seem to be giving us a "patient and serious exposition of a grave theme;" he seems to be describing a circle heels over head from the spring-board. It is a marvelous *tour de force* but it is not argument.

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The modern, the Sumnerian conception of a state is "as a seat of original forces which must be reckoned with all the time, . . . as the domain of activities so great that they should appal any one who dares to interfere with them; of instincts so delicate and self-preservative that it should be only infinite delight to the wisest man to see them come into play, and his sufficient glory to give them a little intelligent assistance." The proudest proof of the triumphant success of such a state "would be that it had nothing to do—that all went so smoothly that it had only to look on and was never called to interfere." On this idea Professor Sumner seems inclined to take out a patent. "It is a new conception of the state," he announces. The idea "has only begun to win way." The fault of the eighteenth and nineteenth century statesmen was that they thought that "a good state will constantly interfere and regulate," and they would look upon the mono-Sumner "type of state as non-government." But do not "intelligent voters of all degrees of general culture" know that before Professor Sumner had graced his unfashioned cradle, while as yet he was but the psychological involution of a remote evolution, statesmen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were firing shots heard round the world to proclaim that "the world is too much governed;" that "in a free state every man ought to be concerned in his own government?" Did not the pseudo-statesmen of the eighteenth century frame a government on the announced fundamental principle that "the people alone are the absolute owners and uncontrollable movers of such sovereignty as human beings can claim to exercise," and that "he governs best who governs least?" When a government recognizes, and has organized itself on the recognition, that it derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, does it not by that act recognize that the state is "a seat of original forces which must be reckoned with all the time?" Is not every election a reckoning with the original forces of the state? And is not the contest for frequent elections a contest for a legitimate, orderly, regular and frequent reckoning with the original forces, to the end that no explosive, disorderly and fatal reckoning be incurred?

In a house, which was the seat of exclusively feminine forces, there arose once a midnight alarm of fire from a pervading smell of heated wood. An investigating committee was speedily formed, which inspected from garret to cellar. Rafters, flues, bricks, walls, furnaces, hot-air pipes, were all subjected to rigid scrutiny,

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with the ice-pitcher and the coffee-pot, and every other device of a well-organized volunteer fire-department under strict Home Rule. No actual combustion being discovered, the furnace draughts were closed, the tumult subsided, and tranquillity had diffused itself over the late morning, ere one lady—whose serene face bespeaks a long and well-grounded confidence in the stability of the order of the universe, and whom, therefore, the panic and tramp of the midnight procession had failed to disturb—emerged from her seclusion and announced that she "did not know, but really [sniff] you will laugh, but it seems to me [sniff, sniff] that I—I—smell pine!"

Similarly, Professor Sumner's stirring political discoveries consist in smelling pine which was heated and cooled in a pliocene past, and whose last lingering harmless odors it is to which he summons us with all the enthusiasm of a Columbus. As a pine-smeller, he is without a peer. He lives in the heart of a nation whose central idea is that the original forces of a state are in the individual—an idea whose ferment and fierce seething have never ceased, have never for a moment failed to keep the state at the forefront of civilized observation for a menace and a hope, and Professor Sumner has slept through it all, and now comes forth with the air of a vigilant watchman on the walls of Zion, and shaking his rattle long and loud proclaims his "new conception of the state," which "has only begun to win way"—proclaims that he "smells pine."

But while the eighteenth and nineteenth century statesmen viewed the state as "an artificial, a mechanical product, an object to be moulded, made, produced by contrivance," and were never willing to "let it alone," it is to be noted that the mono-Sumner statesman who views the state as a self-perpetuating organism, does not propose to let it alone. He very decidedly resolves to have a hand in the affair, whether it is a machine or an organism. Professor Sumner himself proposes to find his own "sufficient glory" in giving the original forces "a little intelligent assistance." At least he pronounces the furnishing of this "intelligent assistance" "sufficient glory" for "the wisest man"—and we all know who that is! His ideal new state can, he says, "do a great deal more than discharge police functions. . . . It can powerfully aid the production of structure by laying down lines of common action, where nothing is needed but *some* common action on conventional lines; or, it can systematize a number of arrangements which are

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not at their maximum utility for want of concord; or, it can give sanction to new rights which are constantly created by new relations under new social organizations, and so on."

That is exactly what the old type protectionist statesmen are trying to do. The question between them and Professor Sumner is a question of method, not of principle. Both agree that the original forces of the state need a little intelligent assistance: it is only to decide what sort of assistance *is* intelligent. Both agree that some lines of common action should be laid down: the question is where those lines should run. Both agree that a number of arrangements are not at their maximum utility for want of concord, and both are trying to systemize them—only when the protectionist pretenders bring forward their plan of systemization and common action and intelligent assistance, Professor Sumner says they are dogmatic, and Philistine, and sentimental, and stupid, and humbugs, and dishonest; hirelings of invincible ignorance, sinners against great light; that their plan arouses his moral indignation, is subtle, cruel and unjust, is a social abuse, an economic blunder and a political evil. What the protectionists say of Mr. Sumner I do not know, never having heard them speak of him. He says that they say, "Now you are abusive." If they do they are wrong. When Professor Sumner merrily marshals his shining host of epithets; when he gayly proclaims that the eighteenth and nineteenth century statesmen did not understand their business, that the state they founded was a house of cards, ready to fall at a breath, and that his idea of a state is the only real, genuine, *old* Dr. Jacob Townsend state, he does not seem abusive. He seems funny. To ride pony-back, back-to, sitting, with legs crossed and arms folded, and to shout that whoever rides any other way is no gentleman, is the least in the world abusive. It is simply a part of the performance.

Professor Sumner's statesmen of the old type "told people that they knew how to make everybody happy and that they were going to do it," and "they cared for the interests of kings and aristocracies which put them in power." But the new radical statesmen are scarcely more lucky in securing a good mark from the Professor, for they also "feel bound to serve those sections of the population which have put them where they are."

"And why should they not?" those sections might well ask. What else are they for? It is the business of the Connecticut

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statesman to serve Connecticut, in whatever station it shall please Connecticut to call him, and please him to accept the call. And in serving to the best of his ability the section which appoints him he serves to the best of his ability the great country of which his section is a part. Professor Sumner complains that these "new radical statesmen show no disposition to let their neighbors alone." Why should they? Their neighbors have not let them alone. Their neighbors have gone into the office and the sanctum and taken out the lawyer and the editor, and ordered them to Congress to mind the neighborhood business. The lawyer and the editor could have refused to go, but if they agreed to go they have no right to neglect the neighbors' business when they get there. Professor Sumner makes the point against these "new radical statesmen" that they "think they have come into power just because they know what their neighbors need to have done to them." And good right they have to think so, for in the very next page the Professor shows that the neighbors think so too. "*We* have got tired of kings," he says. "*We* have put the administration of the state in the hands of lawyers, editors," and so on. The men did not go there of themselves. The neighbors put them there. General Hawley and Senator Platt are sent to Congress because their Connecticut neighbors think that these two gentlemen know what Meriden and Hartford and Glastonbury and Norwich need to have done to them, and the two senators accepted the nomination undoubtedly because they agreed with the neighbors. It is difficult to devise a better reason for going to Congress. The "let-alone" policy which Professor Sumner advocates is a reason for staying at home. But let it always be remembered that the Free-Trader does not advocate a strictly let-alone policy. It is only a let-alone-Protection policy. It is only that what he wishes to do he calls "giving a little intelligent assistance," "powerfully aiding the production of structure," and what the protectionists wish to do he calls "to meddle and fuss and interfere." So then, whether with the eighteenth and nineteenth century statesmen the state be considered as a mechanical product, or whether, with Professor Sumner and Topsy, we 'spec's it growed, we all agree that it is not to be left to nail itself together into a box, or to "sprangle" over the continent as a growth, but is to have "a little intelligent assistance" that it may be made shapely or grow systematical.

Whether the assistance of the eighteenth and nineteenth cent-

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ury statesmen, or that of Professor Sumner, be the more likely to be intelligent, is a question to be considered, but whether there shall *be* any assistance is not a question.

All the devices of the eighteenth and nineteenth century statesmen mentioned by Professor Sumner—eleven in number—are dismissed by him as irrational and unsound. They are not even "a little intelligent assistance." They are simply devices "to interfere and regulate and meddle and fuss." Only one of these does he treat in his book, the device of employing protective taxes in the art of national prosperity. And before grappling with that, Professor Sumner proceeds again to startle and alarm the world by smelling pine. "Inside the United States," he proclaims, "absolute free trade exists over a continent. No one thinks of it or realizes it."

From the time of Alexander Hamilton to our own, by him and by every prominent statesman after him, of the eighteenth and of the nineteenth century, the vast area of free trade which our country enjoys has been traversed in public discussion—its wide extent, its enormous profit, its manifold advantages. At every Presidential election in which the question of tariff has entered this ground has been fought over. Its richness has fluttered from a thousand printing-presses and been uttered from a thousand stumps. Millions of men have gone to the polls and voted on it. And now, in the midst of one of those regularly recurring lulls of regularly recurring battles, when the uniforms are all hanging in the closets, and the flags are folded on the shelves, and the transparencies and the badges and the mottoes and the torches are piled up and forgotten in the wood-shed, out rushes Professor Sumner, flying across the campus, swinging his hat above his head, and vociferating "Absolute free trade exists over a continent and no one thinks of it or realizes it!"

Go back into the house, troubled professor. Eat the fat and drink the sweet of your well-earned breakfast in perfect peace. We drenched *that* rafter with the ice-pitcher long ago.

GAIL HAMILTON.

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STRIKES AND ARBITRATION.

THE prospect for the future of the laboring man in America is brighter to-day than it ever was, notwithstanding the seemingly "strained relations" at present existing between employer and employee.

That we are passing through an epidemic of strikes, lockouts and boycotts is true, but the fact must not be lost sight of, that were it not for the growing power of organization we should have a great many more strikes to contend with than we have had for the first three months of the present year.

The growth of organization for the past ten years has been steady and healthy. It is only where organization is in its infancy that serious troubles such as strikes and lockouts exist. The causes from which strikes and lockouts spring are to be found in all parts of the country, but the methods of dealing with the troubles as they arise are different. In places where no organizations of labor exist, or where the seeds of organization have just been planted, disputing parties are apt to become involved in strikes. The reasons advanced in support of that proposition are as follows: until recently very few workingmen dared to express their opinion in public on the subject of labor, for the reason that they were almost certain of an immediate dismissal from the service of the man or company they worked for, if it became known that they in any way favored the association of workingmen for mutual protection. With such a sentiment existing in the breasts of workingmen they could not be expected to feel very kindly toward the employer who so jealously watched their every movement, and who, by his actions, made them feel that they were regarded rather as serfs than freemen. While the real bone and sinew of the land remained in enforced silence, except where it could be heard through the medium of the press and rostrum through chosen leaders, another class of men who seldom worked would

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insist on "representing labor," and in making glowing speeches on the rights and wrongs of man would urge the "abolition of property," or the "equal division of wealth;" such speakers very often suggesting that a good thing to do would be to "hang capitalists to lamp-posts." The employer of labor who listened to such speeches felt that in suppressing organization among his workmen he was performing a laudable act. Yet he was by that means proving himself to be the most powerful ally the anarchist could wish for. He caused his employees to feel that he took no interest in them other than to get as many hours of toil out of them for as few shillings as possible. The consequence was that the employer, who was himself responsible for the smothering of the honest expression of opinion on the part of labor, became possessed of the idea that the raw head and bloody bones curb-stone orator was the real representative of labor, and determined to exercise more vigilance and precaution than ever in keeping his "help" out of the labor society. The speaker who hinted at or advocated the destruction of property or the hanging of capitalists to lamp-posts, was shrewd enough to speak very kindly, and in a knowing manner, of labor associations, giving out the impression that he held membership in one or more of them. Workingmen who were denied the right to organize, very frequently went to hear Mr. Scientific lecture on the best means of handling dynamite. And when the speaker portrayed the wrongs of labor, the thoughtful workman could readily trace a resemblance between the employer painted by the lecturer and the man he himself worked for. Workmen employed by those who frowned on labor organizations became sullen and morose; they saw in every action of the Superintendent another innovation on their rights, and they finally determined to throw off the yoke of oppression, organize and assert their manhood. The actions of the superintendent, or boss, very often tended to widen the breach between employer and employee. When the organization did come it found a very bitter feeling existing on both sides, and before studying the laws of the society they joined, or becoming conversant with its rules or regulations regarding the settlement of disputes or grievances, the workmen determined to wipe out of existence the whole system of petty tyrannies that had been practiced on them for years. Not being drilled in organization, and feeling that the employer would not treat with them, the only remedy suggesting itself was the

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strike. And, on the other hand, the employer who felt that every move of his workmen in organization would be directed against his interests, determined to take time by the forelock and turn them all out on the street. Thus we find the organization in its infancy face to face with a strike or lockout.

This condition of affairs existed in a great many places throughout the United States in the beginning of the present year. Absorbed in the task of getting large dividends, the employer seldom inquired of his superintendent how he managed the business intrusted to his keeping, or how he treated the employees. In thousands of places throughout the United States, as many superintendents, foremen, or petty bosses are interested in stores, corner groceries or saloons. In many places the employee is told plainly that he must deal at the store, or get his liquor from the saloon in which his boss has an interest; in others he is given to understand that he must deal in these stores or saloons, or forfeit his situation. Laws have been passed in some States against the keeping of company stores, but the stores are kept nevertheless, and workmen are made to feel that they must patronize them.

In many cases the owners of mills, factories or mines are not aware of the existence of such institutions as the "pluck me"—the name applied to the company store—but they stand so far away from their employees that they cannot hear the murmur of complaint, and if a whisper of it ever does reach their ears it comes through the boss who is not only interested in the store, but in keeping its existence a secret from his employer. The keeping of such stores is another source of injustice to workmen, for their existence tends to widen the breach between employer and employee. It may seem that I am dealing with insignificant things in this paper, but when the statement is made, that seven out of every ten superintendents or bosses are interested in the management, and derive profits from the operation, of stores which employees are forced to patronize, I make an assertion which can be proved. In a country where every man, no matter how humble, is taught from his infancy that he stands the equal of all other men, it is but natural for a citizen who is given to understand that he must patronize a certain store, or that he cannot join a certain society, to feel restive and, where so much is promised and so little obtained, men are apt to lose faith in a law-making system which obliges the workman him-

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self to become complainant and prosecutor in cases where the laws are violated to his detriment. If he prosecutes, he is discharged. If he does not prosecute for infractions of law but simply complains, he is told to invoke the majesty of the law in his own behalf. In this way law is disregarded ; it becomes a dead letter ; men lose hope in law and law-makers.

The constant itching and irritation caused by the indifference of the employer to their welfare, and the injustices practiced on them by petty bosses, go on until the men feel that the only remedy is through the strike. In this way men who belong to no organization are launched into strikes.

Workingmen are not, as a rule, educated men. When the strike does come, while they feel that they have been wronged, yet they are lacking in the command of language necessary to state their case properly to the world, and, hence, set forth their claims in such a way as to arouse prejudices or create false impressions. The other side having the advantage of education, either personally or by right of purchase, can and does mold public opinion in a great many cases.

I have pointed out one or two of the little things which cause a great deal of uneasiness and vexation to workingmen ; others have pointed out the root of the evil. The workingman of the United States will soon realize that he possesses the power which kings once held—that he has the right to manage his own affairs. The power of the king has passed away. The power of wealth is passing away. The evening shadows are closing in upon the day when immense private fortunes can be acquired. The new power dawning upon the world is that of the workingman to rule his own destinies. That power can no longer be kept from him. How will he wield it ?

This question is of great concern not only to the workingman but to every citizen of the republic, and the hand of every citizen who loves his country should be extended to assist the new ruler. I have no fears because of the present apparently disturbed condition of the labor world ; on the contrary, the signs are very hopeful. Wendell Phillips once said, "Never look for an age when the people can be quiet and safe. At such times Despotism like a shrouding mist steals over the mirror of Freedom."

The people are not quiet to-day, but they are safe. It is the power of monopoly that is not safe. The men who pile up large

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fortunes must compensate for that privilege in the payment of a graduated income tax. The blessings which they derive from wealth must be shared by the nation from which they extract that wealth.

The hours of labor must be reduced throughout the nation, so that the toilers may have more time in which to learn the science of self government. Labor-saving machinery instead of making a slave of man must become his servant. How will the workingman wield his power? Organized labor says the power will be wisely handled, but we must have the co-operation of the vast middle classes. The employer and employed must no longer stand apart. The barriers of pride, caste, greed, hatred and bitterness must be torn down. The workingman and his employer must meet face to face, they must discuss every detail in the management of the concerns they are jointly operating. No sacrifice of principle on the one hand or of manhood on the other need attend such a transaction. In the management of great or small concerns each grievance, each trouble or difference, whether in relation to discipline or wages, should be talked over in a conciliatory spirit and *arbitrated.* Joint boards of arbitration should be formed between manufacturer, and workmen all over the country. Each party should devote considerable time to the perfecting of the plans best suited to their interests or surroundings, for rules governing one case or locality might not work well in another.

Having after careful deliberation agreed upon the rules, each party should sign the articles of agreement, binding itself to abide by them until changed by consent of both. Agreements of this kind will be the means of settling differences as they arise, and with their inauguration, strikes, lockouts, and boycotts will not be entered upon so readily, and, if ever called into play, then only as the very last resort.

T. V. POWDERLY.

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THE HOURS OF LABOR.

THERE have been many efforts for many years past to shorten the general hours of labor of the working people of the United States by statute regulations. So far as these laws have been necessary for the protection of children whose parents were either too poor to forego their children's work or too ignorant to be aware of the danger of overworking them, these statutes have had a most beneficial influence. In other respects their effect has been very slight. They can be applied effectually only to factories, in which large numbers of persons are congregated under one roof, operating machinery which is driven by a water wheel or a steam engine.

With respect to such factories laws have been passed in some States prescribing ten hours work per day, in others, eleven hours work, and in others there have been no statute regulations.

When the factory system was first introduced, especially in the manufacture of textiles, the hours of labor were fourteen per day, the work was arduous and continuous, the mills low-studded and ill-ventilated.

In 1840, the average factory operative, man, woman, or child, in a cotton mill in New England earned $175 per year in compensation for thirteen or fourteen hours' work per day; the opportunity to attain even such wages was eagerly grasped by the farmers' daughters of New England. Since that date great improvements have been effected in machinery and in mill construction. It has become possible to supply the textile fabrics necessary for consumption in ten to eleven hours per day; the farmers' daughters have gone up into higher employments; their places have been filled mainly by foreign laborers who now earn in the same factories more than double the wages per hour, and nearly double the wages per year as compared to 1840, in shorter hours, with very much less arduous work, and under vastly better conditions. In certain factories of which the writer has positive knowl-

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edge the wages are on the average $285 to $290 per year for 10½ hours per day, against $175 to $180 in 1840 for 13 to 14 hours.

This change has been effected with little regard to statutes, a very large number of the most intelligent employers of labor in factories having long since reached the conclusion that there was no profit to themselves in excessive hours of work and no benefit to their working people in the long run, even if a little higher wages be earned in long hours as compared to short. Many of the most intelligent employers work their machinery only ten hours by their own choice.

It has been said that statutes have been applied, if applied at all, only to those who work in factories, with perhaps a very few others engaged in special employments. Hence the statutes respecting hours of labor could in the nature of things affect a very small proportion of the population of the United States in restricting them or depriving them of actual freedom of contract in the distribution of their own time.

If we include under the head of Collective Factory Labor all the operatives in the textile factories, in the machine shops and iron works, in the mines and other well recognized departments of such work, and add thereto all the tailors and tailoresses, all the seamstresses, all the boot and shoe makers, and all others who are engaged in occupations in which the tendency is toward the collective factory work, but of whom a large proportion are outside the factories, we shall find in the list of occupations of the census of 1880, less than one hundred in each one thousand of all who were engaged in any kind of gainful occupation in that year in this class.

It is significant that most of the strikes have occurred in the specific branches of industry in which the attempt has been made to deprive the working people of the control of their own time by legal restrictions upon the hours of labor.

Next to the factory operatives, the largest single body of working people, aside from those engaged in agriculture, consists of railroad employees. They may be said to stand midway between the collective factory work and the individual mechanic or farmer who does his work where the work is to be done, wherever it may be. In this class of railway employees some important strikes have lately occurred, the full import of which does not yet appear.

The true remedy for strikes and for obnoxious meddlesome in-

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terference by statute with the liberty of contract on the part of adults, will probably be found in the special organizations of labor, so called, which have lately become so prominent. Until quite a recent period the so-called labor reformers who have been apt to promote strikes have not been men of sufficient capacity to become true leaders; they have as a rule been mere agitators. Their influence has been felt only by isolated bodies of workmen here and there, but has been of no general importance. More recent occurrences have brought an abler body of men to the front. This is the natural outgrowth of the attempt to widen the organization of laborers, and to cover a broader field. Such an undertaking calls for ability and energy as well as character and integrity; and in this natural order such men have appeared, who are now endeavoring to direct and control by general organization all the special organization of working people. They are of course, making grave errors; but being men of ability, none will find out sooner than themselves the errors in their work, and they may then become most useful and true leaders.

For instance, what is it that stops enterprise, prevents the extension of useful arts, and keeps capital in a sort of enforced idleness or disuse at the present moment? Just one thing; and that is this very attempt to take away from the working man the liberty to make his own bargain in his own way, and to subject him to the restrictions imposed by the by-laws of an organization which he has only entered with the expectation of improving his condition.

There is but one thing which we all have in common, rich and poor alike; and that is time. The man who controls his own time, who disposes of it in his own way, and makes his own bargains, is the man who will succeed. The man who puts the control of his own time into the hands of some other man, who may or may not be well informed as to the conditions of his work, will be very sure not to succeed. The man who combines with others in the attempt to control and regulate the work of other men who do not belong to their association, and to dictate how they shall make use of the one thing which all have in common—and that is time, can only influence industry for a very short period. The most intelligent among those who join in this attempt will either alter the by-laws and do away with any interference with personal liberty, or quit the union or club to which they have attached

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themselves. Skillful workmen who are masters of their art will soon see that any other course would reduce the most intelligent and industrious workman to the level of the least skillful and the least competent in the trade.

The true object of association is that each man may find out by contact or correspondence with his fellows how he may develop his own individuality, his own capacity—find out what his own work is really worth, and how to obtain its full value without reducing himself to the level of any shiftless or idle person who may have joined the association with the expectation of being sustained in his incapacity at the cost of his fellow workmen.

The evil of undertaking to control and regulate the time and labor of the working people of this country by way of organization has already become so apparent that the end can be easily foreseen. This effort has already spent its force. The working men are beginning to perceive that they are the ones to suffer most from such restrictions when production or distribution is impeded by them.

Reference has been made to the sorting of the occupations of the people of the United States, by whom the work of the country is done. This is one of the most useful and most trustworthy classifications of the census. Each man or woman who worked for gain was called upon by the enumerator to state the occupation by which he or she earned money. The total number of all who were engaged in working for gain was a fraction under 17,400,000; probably at the present time there are about 19,000,000 thus engaged, or about one in three of the population.

About 1,100,000 under the census of 1880, or not over seven per cent. of the whole force by whom the whole work of the country was carried on, could be classified and set off as being among the employers of labor, or as being engaged in the mental and administrative work of the country, or in positions which gave them any power to direct or to supervise the work of the remainder. All the rest, constituting considerably over ninety per cent. of the whole working force, were in the position of small farmers who must work harder than any of their hired men, or of wage earners, operatives, employees or recipients of small salaries not above the general average of those who work for wages; and as I have previously stated, of this latter force of working people in the narrowest sense, taken by itself, not exceeding ten per cent. were engaged in any kind of occupation which could be classified under the gen-

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eral head of collective factory work. In other words, the 17,400,000 could be classified in a broad and general way about as follows:

Engaged in mental or administrative work as employers rather than employed, or other independent personal occupation, about.....	1,100,000
In collective factory work in which large numbers of operatives are gathered in single buildings, at the outside.....	1,700,000
Occupied on railways, including laborers, not exceeding.....	600,000
Farmers, mechanics, artisans, clerks, servants, draymen and other occupations of a substantially individual character.....	14,000,000
Total.....	17,400,000

As to the latter class the law may define what number of hours shall constitute a day's work, but cannot force the workman to limit his labor to that specific term. Hence no interference with the liberty of contract by legislation can be applied to the great majority of the working people of the country.

Neither can the arduous and continuous work of the household be reached either by the statute law or by the by-law of the labor organization. A certain amount of work must be done in order to attain the present standard of general subsistence, hence in just the measure that the few may be restricted in the disposal of their time must the many add to their hours of work.

The general hours of labor of this great force taken as a whole, so far as they can be ascertained or are reported upon, seem to be ten or eleven hours per day. That number of hours of labor appears to be necessary at the present time in the production of the food, fuel, clothing, and materials for shelter, of which the working classes themselves, in the narrowest sense, consume more than ninety per cent. Hence it follows that if there is any material interruption in the progress of the work, the working people themselves are subject to at least ninety per cent. of the loss of product which must ensue.

For instance, there has been a great strike on the south-western system of railroads. It has been alleged that this strike would extend throughout the country. Suppose this should happen. Who would be struck the hardest, and who would pay the cost? Would it be the capitalists who own the railroads? There were only 300,000 of them in 1880, perhaps a few more now. Few of them depend wholly upon their railroad property, and they can wait.

Who then will suffer? The work of the railroads in the year 1885, aside from the movement of passengers, consisted in the

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movement of upwards of 400,000,000 tons of merchandise, each ton of which was moved on the average one hundred and ten miles. This merchandise consisted about one-half of food material; the greater part of the remainder consisted of fuel and materials for shelter, the weight of fibers and of clothing being insignificant as compared to food and fuel. This enormous work stood for or represented a movement of seven tons for each and every man, woman, and child in the United States, which seven tons for each one was moved one hundred and ten miles at an average charge of $8.75, or a little over one cent per ton per mile.

It is sometimes alleged that labor does all the work, and is therefore entitled to all the pay. Each and every laborer is entirely free to move the seven tons assigned to him and to each of his family one hundred and ten miles, *i. e.*, to do all the work, and to receive all the pay, if he chooses to do it. If it is not done he and his family suffer most.

On all the railroads of the United States there are about 625,000 men and boys employed at wages considerably higher than the average wages of those whom they supply by their distribution. At the standard of payments on the New York Central Railroad their earnings were a fraction under $550 a year each. They are not paid out of the capital of the railroads. They are paid out of the current receipts received by the railroad corporations; and these current receipts are paid to the corporations on the part of every man, woman, and child in the United States, at the rate of $8.75 each, in compensation for the movement of seven tons of food, fuel, shelter and clothing, a distance of one hundred and ten miles on the average.

Who, then, is struck if this movement is interrupted, and who loses by the stroke? Is it not all who are engaged in every kind of occupation aside from the railroad? Suppose they strike back, being pinched by the hardships ensuing from the strike on the railroads, and being deprived for the time of their supplies. Then what happens? A further cessation not only of distribution but of production. Who, then, is struck the hardest? Is it not the nineteen hard-working people out of every twenty who consume at least nine tenths of the entire product, it being fairly well proved that the absolute or actual addition to the capital of any one year does not exceed five per cent. of each year's product, or ten per cent.

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at the utmost? In this article I only attempt general averages or a close approximation to the facts.

The organization of clubs and associations among the laborers under the lead of able men will soon become the common schools of social science, order and industry; and these hard facts of life will soon become as well known or as apparent to them as they now are to the few students who deal with facts rather than with theories.

It may then be hoped that the way to prosperity will be found in freedom of contract and in personal liberty, giving each man or woman the full control of the one thing which all have in common, rich and poor alike—their own time, which is their opportunity.

There are other minor grievances alleged on the part of workmen as against capitalists. It is alleged that corporations have no souls, and that the workmen are made to feel themselves serfs rather than freemen. Let any one examine the facts, and it will at once become apparent that so far as due consideration of good sanitary conditions, and due care for the welfare of the operatives are concerned, factory corporations have, as a rule, been far in advance of individual manufacturers. There have been conspicuous and very noble exceptions on the part of individual manufacturers; but as a rule the welfare of factory operatives, according to the observation of the writer, has been more fully considered by the corporations than by individuals. It is true that there are objections to corporate management; namely, the want of intelligent knowledge of each other on the part of the workmen and of the managers, principals, or owners; but this is more often due rather to the magnitude of the undertakings than to any want of good-will on either side.

Another alleged grievance is in the establishment of company stores with which employees or operatives are said to be forced to deal, and in which they are said to be charged excessive prices, taking away from them the opportunity for saving. That there has been in the remote past a considerable abuse of this sort may not be denied; but in this section of the country at least a complete change has occurred. The "truck system," so called, has substantially disappeared. The special occupation of the writer has perhaps given him a better opportunity to know the facts as to all the great factories and works of New England and the Middle States than would happen with respect to other students of this question, and he can bear testimony to the fact that the company

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stores which are now maintained in connection with these establishments are almost invariably maintained in the interest of the workingmen, and in order to supply them with the best materials for their subsistence at as small an advance on the cost as would be consistent with maintaining the store on a commercial basis.

During the Civil War, when it became necessary to resort to short time, the writer himself found that the workingmen in establishments which were under his control were suffering because the shop-keepers, fearing that the operators would be unable to pay on short-time wages, restricted their credit and advanced their prices. He therefore established a company store in which the goods were sold for cash or for orders from the paymaster of the factory; he furnished it with the best materials carefully purchased, and sold them to the operatives at ten per cent. advance on the cost, which barely served to net interest and expenses.

The shop was maintained for many months. As soon as the mills started on full time it would have been given up, but the operatives themselves begged to have it continued, upon the ground that the advantage to them had been so great that their wages for four days' work had been nearly equal in their purchasing power, at this company's store, to six days' work in the shops where they had previously dealt. It was therefore continued for some time as a private enterprise under substantially the same rules and under the auditing supervision of the corporation until a more wholesome competition on a specie basis made it unnecessary.

When the true lesson is learned by way of these common schools of associated workingmen, it will become apparent to them that there is but one method of improving the condition of all. The capitalist must adopt every improvement in machinery, even if it makes it necessary, as it sometimes has, to break up and sell for old metal new machines bought within a few months; while the hours of labor for the whole working force can only be diminished by doing better and more productive work in less time than is now required—the present product, whatever number of hours of labor it may require, being only sufficient to meet the present average standard of subsistence, whatever that may be.

The great disparity in condition is not the disparity between laborers and capitalists; it is rather the disparity among those who themselves do the work upon which they depend for their daily bread.

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The tools fall to him who can use them best. It is the best workman who does the greatest amount of work in the least number of hours with the least effort to himself. It is by such workmen that goods of all kinds are produced at the lowest cost. These facts will become the more apparent, the more speedily the attempt is made to combine all workmen upon a general average, under rules imposed by a central authority which has no power to enforce them. These rules cannot be enforced because they would impair the personal liberty of every member and deprive the people of this country of that personal liberty which is the very central idea of their existence.

EDWARD ATKINSON.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

EVERY thoughtful American citizen recognizes the bad effects of illiterate voting, and the question arises, how can the nation free itself of the evil? The answer is promptly given, that, as a basis of presumed intelligence, the voter ought to be able to read and write; but that rule could not be enforced at the present time, as it would infringe privileges that illiterates now enjoy, and thus, being *ex post facto* in its effect, would be null and void. This difficulty can be obviated by the enactment of two laws: one requiring every young man on attaining his majority to be able to read and write, before he is permitted to vote; the other to require the same qualification of the foreigner. These laws would be prospective in their effect, and would not interfere with the rights of the present illiterates. The good influence of such a regulation on young men would commence at once, while it would equally stimulate the foreigner desiring to become a citizen. In the latter case, the committees as now usually appointed before an important election, by political managers, to ferret out foreigners in order to have them naturalized, would in addition be instructed to teach them to read and write if necessary.

As the regulation is now, neither the illiterate young men in the rural districts nor the young roughs in our cities, have any special motive to qualify themselves to become voters; and it must have a demoralizing effect upon both these classes to be advanced to the dignity of citizenship without any qualification whatever, except that of arriving at a certain age, which costs them nothing. The same rule applies to the foreigner, who has only to wait five years, during which time he can prepare himself. On the contrary, such requirement would stimulate the self-respect and ambition of both these classes to become citizens in good and regular standing, and in consequence they would value their citizenship the more highly, because they did something, and that of an ennobling character, in order to obtain its privileges. Under the present system there are two reasons why the hope is fallacious of our ever obtaining an entire voting population that will be intelligent in the ordinary sense of the term: first, the continuous influx of illiterate foreigners; and, second, the existence of the illiterate among the native born. In twenty or twenty-five years the unfortunate illiterates now living will have passed away, and we would then have become, virtually, a nation of intelligent voters.

Let us, therefore, free ourselves of these two impediments—both native and foreign—and the end will be attained. It will take time, but the glorious re-

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sults will last forever, for enactments of laws to secure the nation against the evils of illiterate voting would never be repealed.

Let the rule apply to all native classes—white or colored—for in these days of public schools there is no excuse for either class failing; the whole political fraternity would take an interest in the matter, and thus stimulate the embryo voter to qualify himself. Moreover, if the friends of the measure secure in its favor the influence of the women, no self-respecting young man would incur the disgrace of being an illiterate.

Congress has the right to impose conditions in the Territories and in the District of Columbia on which young men can vote, and it also has the constitutional authority to impose conditions, as it has in some respects already done, on which to admit foreigners to the privileges of citizenship.

According to the American idea the ultimate authority inheres in the people, but that does not preclude legislative bodies whom the people delegate to make laws from acting in the premises, since they are presumed in a collective capacity to know more of the underlying principles of laws than their constituents. Hence the Legislatures should enact measures that they deem beneficial for the people, and trust to time and the good influence of the laws themselves to make them popular.

J. HARRIS PATTON.

II.

THE statements of S. S. Herrick, M.D., in the February number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, regarding Clairvoyance, Mesmerism, and Spiritualism, may be easily offset by an equal number of equally positive assertions on the other side. For example, I venture to say that clairvoyance is a normal human power; having no necessary relation to "fortune-telling;" that its intelligent believers are not "satisfied with vague shadows," but only with demonstrative facts; that wherever Mesmerism has been thoroughly investigated by competent persons, whether "scientists" or others, they have been convinced of its substantial reality; that the conclusions of Braid and of Carpenter in no way invalidate its claims; that neither artificial nor natural somnambulism is rationally explainable aside from the hypothesis of spirit-intervention; that apparitions are not in all cases "visual hallucinations," but that a class of them (called materialized apparitions) is becoming increasingly common which are tangible, ponderable and audible, as well as visible, and that, too, by educated, sane, and numbers of healthy people at the same time; that Spiritualism proper has nothing in common with jugglery, and that "unconscious muscular action" utterly fails to explain a large part of its common phenomena; that the hand of a writing medium does not act without the governance of *some* will, but often evinces the control of a will or mind far more capable and intelligent than the medium's own; that the utterances of trance-speakers, often and usually exhibit not only coherency but mental power far superior to that shown by the same speakers when not entranced; that Spiritualism is capable of many and most valuable practical applications, some of which its rational adherents have already realized to a reasonable extent, and which will, doubtless, be far more fully developed ere

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1886 years (the age of Christianity) shall have passed away; that it is not received by its intelligent adherents "by faith without evidence, or contrary to the best evidence," but its special feature is that it brings with it most cogent and convincing evidences to all open and ingenuous minds—which cannot be said of the popular religious theories, and that, while, indeed, its supposed occult phenomena have been found, by those who have given them due attention, to be "conformable to established laws," yet those laws involve the existence and agency of invisible beings, who, doubtless, always did and always will surround and act upon incarnated humanity.

Further, it would be no difficult task for one having the leisure, to maintain these assertions (or most of them) with incontrovertible facts drawn from authentic sources, including the testimony of some of the brightest names on the roll of science—facts sufficient to fill your pages for a year to come, without by any means exhausting the supply. But not supposing that your pages are open to such matter, I shall not undertake any part of this task. Meanwhile, I assume that dogmatic assertion on the one side is quite as good as on the other—and a little better on the side that is prepared to back it up by facts.

A. E. NEWTON.

III.

I HAVE lately came into possession of this interesting letter addressed to Mrs. Cornelia L. Hopkins, of Alexandria, Virginia, by Colonel Aaron Burr, in reference to his trial, then pending, for high treason.

RICHMOND, 16 *Augt*, 1807.

HAVING never been charged with, nor ever incurred the suspicion of, treason against love or friendship, I may without presumption conclude that your regard will not be forfeited by any lesser crimes, that you continue to take an interest in my welfare and will be gratified to hear of the progress of my business. If I should not have deceived myself in this conclusion you shall hear from me when anything of moment shall occur in the course of the trial.

We shall actually commence to-morrow. The jury will be completed out of the second panel, though of the same description of persons as the first.

Tender to Mr. W—— my best regards and be pleased to accept assurances of the devoted respect and attachment with which

I am your faithful serv't,

A. BURR.

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